

HYMNS OF THE
NATIVITY.
Bonar.

F 46¹⁰³

~~B64~~ ^{hym}

c. 2

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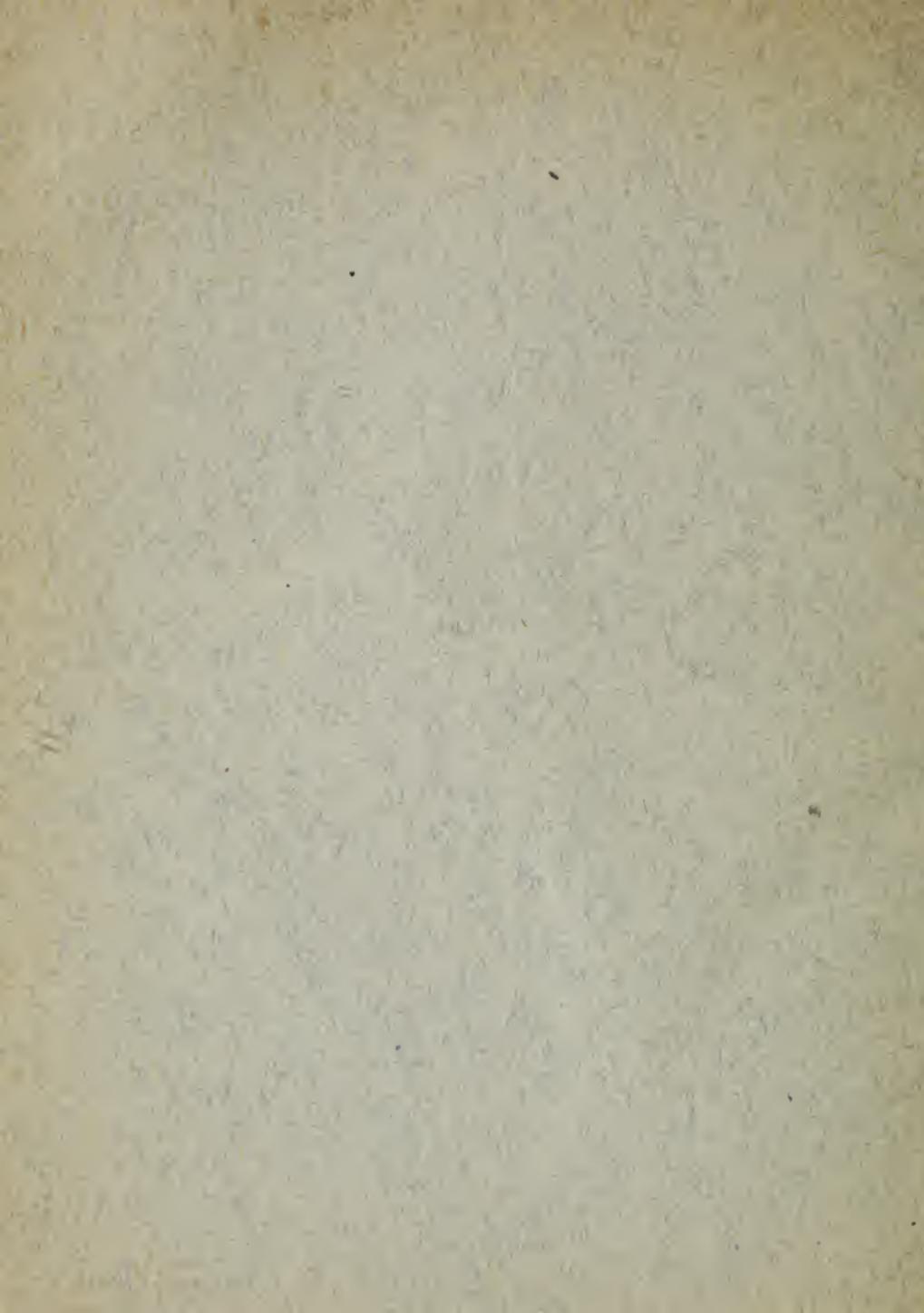
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HYMNS OF THE NATIVITY.



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H Y M N S

O F

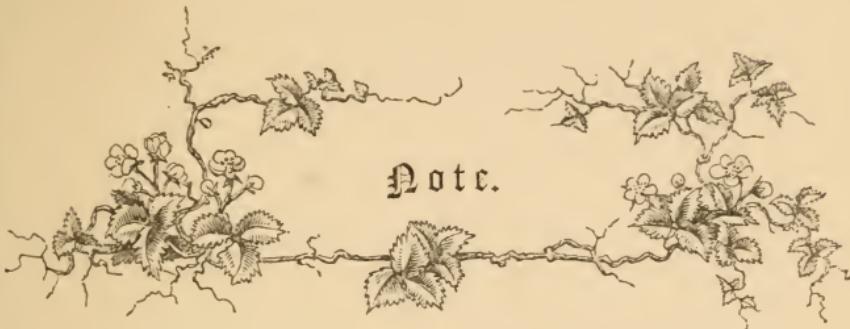
T H E N A T I V I T Y

AND OTHER PIECES

BY

HORATIO BONAR, D.D.

NEW YORK
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS
No. 530 BROADWAY
1879



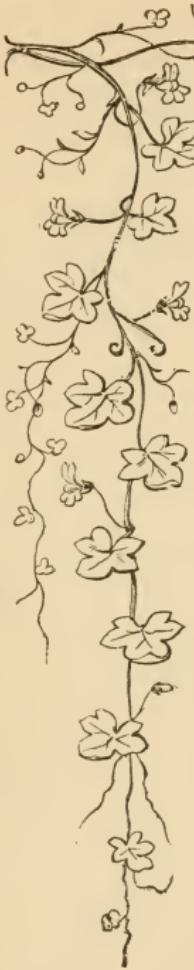
Note.

*Many of the following hymns have already appeared
in different periodicals during the last six years. I
have gathered them together into a small volume, and
added a few more.*

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE GRANGE,
October 1878

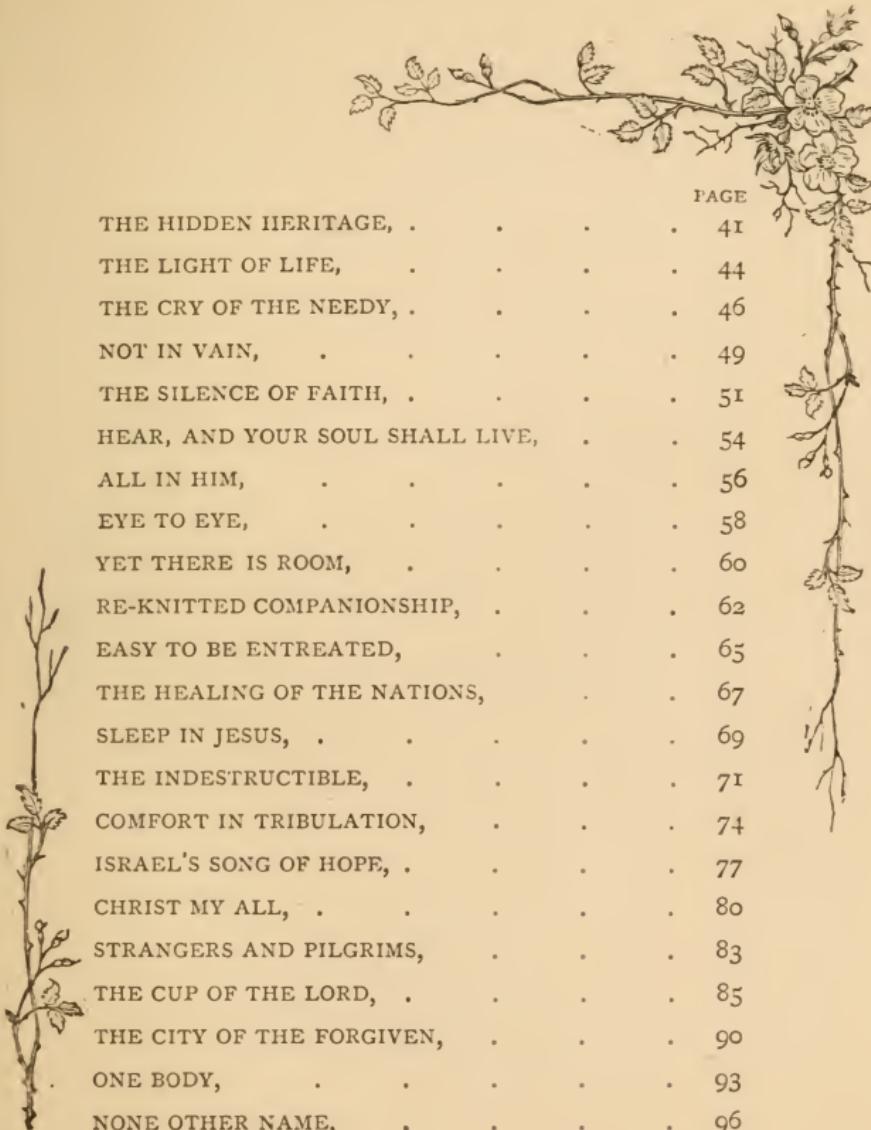




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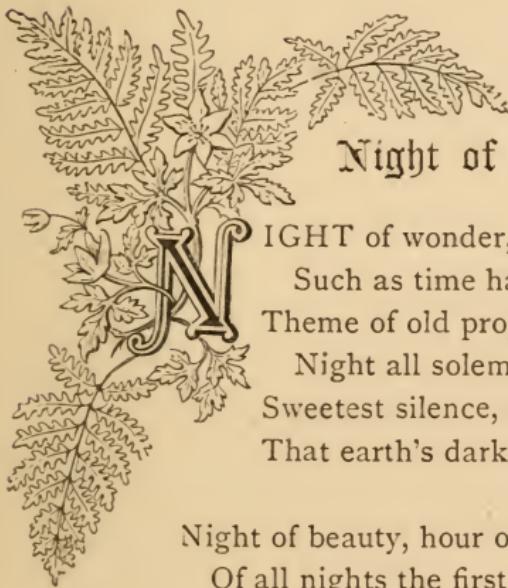
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HYMNS OF THE NATIVITY.



Night of Wonder.

IGHT of wonder, night of glory,
Such as time has never seen !
Theme of old prophetic story,
Night all solemn and serene :
Sweetest silence, softest blue
That earth's darkness ever knew !

Night of beauty, hour of gladness,
Of all nights the first and best ;
Not a cloud to speak of sadness,
Not a star but sings of rest ;
Holy midnight, showering peace,
Never shall thy radiance cease.

Happy city, dearest, fairest,
Lonely, tranquil Bethlehem !
Least and lowliest, richest, rarest,
David's city, Judah's gem ;

A

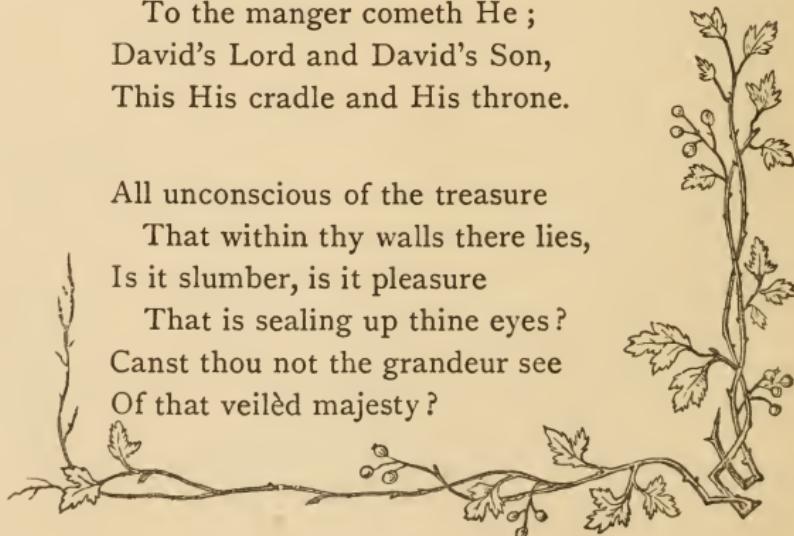


Out of thee there comes the light,
That dispelleth all our night.

In thee heaven and earth are meeting ;
Lo, there comes the angel-throng ;
We give back the heavenly greeting,
Joining in the holy song,—
Song of festival and mirth,
Song of morning to the earth.

Now to thee thy King descendeth,
Laid upon a woman's knee ;
To thy gates His steps He bendeth,
To the manger cometh He ;
David's Lord and David's Son,
This His cradle and His throne.

All unconscious of the treasure
That within thy walls there lies,
Is it slumber, is it pleasure
That is sealing up thine eyes ?
Canst thou not the grandeur see
Of that veilèd majesty ?

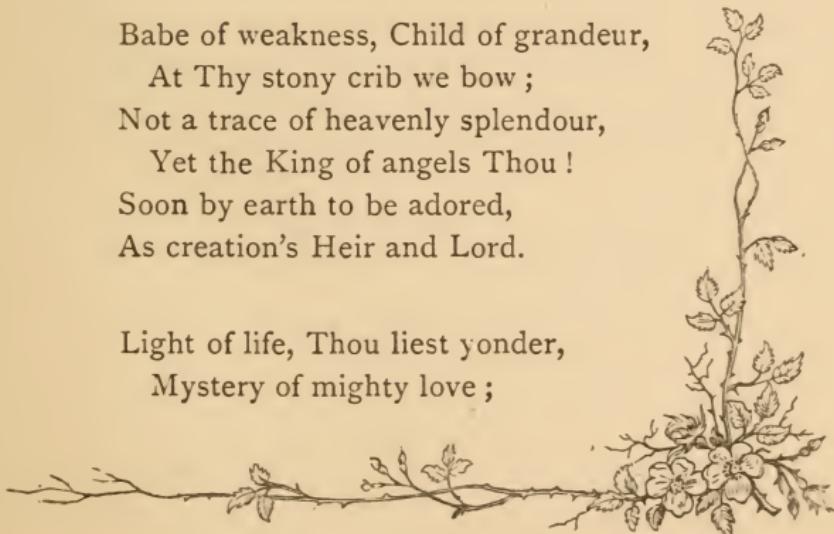


All unwitting of the wonder
Wrought within thy gates to-night,
Art thou blind to Him who yonder
Sleeps unhonoured,—Prince of Light?
Thou thyself the cradle-bed,
For the King of Glory spread!

He, the lowliest of the lowly,
To our tainted world has come;
He, the holiest of the holy,
Cannot find a human home.
All for us He has been born,
All for us He bears the scorn.

Babe of weakness, Child of grandeur,
At Thy stony crib we bow;
Not a trace of heavenly splendour,
Yet the King of angels Thou!
Soon by earth to be adored,
As creation's Heir and Lord.

Light of life, Thou liest yonder,
Mystery of mighty love;



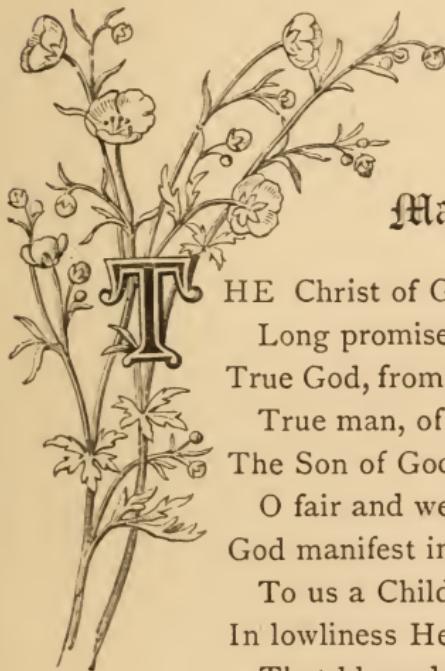
Nought from Thee our souls shall sunder,
Nought from us shall Thee remove.
Take these hearts, and let them be
Throne and cradle both for Thee !

Bread of God, though yet unbroken,
Still even now the living bread ;
In that manger, lo, the token
Of the table to be spread
For us in the upper room,
When the longed-for night is come.

Rose of Sharon, springing sweetly
In this sacred solitude,
Every gracious leaflet fitly
Folded in this tender bud ;
All the beauty yet concealed,
All the fragrance unrevealed.

O'er Thy cradle we are bending,
Singing low our song of love,
Soon to sing the song unending
In the Bethlehem above ;
Through the ages gazing on,
Not the cradle, but the throne.





Made of a Woman.

HE Christ of God hath come,
Long promised, long delayed !
True God, from heaven He cometh down ;
True man, of woman made.
The Son of God is here :
O fair and welcome morn ;
God manifest in flesh hath come,
To us a Child is born !
In lowliness He lies,
That blessed Babe of heaven ;
Our God for us becometh man,
To us a Son is given !

He cometh in His love,
For us on earth to live ;
Bearing the burden of our guilt,
For us His life to give.

O many-sided love,
 So boundless and so free !
 Love of the cradle and the cross,
 What joy we find in thee !
 He cometh in His grace,
 The guilty to forgive ;
 He cometh in His glorious power,
 That maketh dead men live.

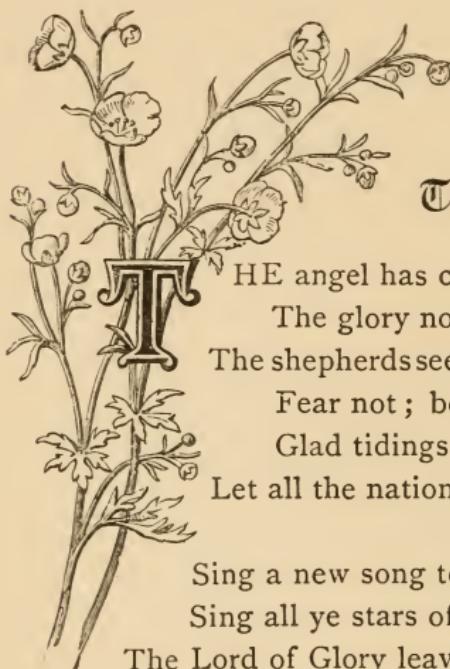
He comes to live our life,
 He comes to weep our tears,
 To give us sympathy in all
 Our sorrows and our fears.
 He comes to die our death,
 To enter our dark tomb,
 To conquer our last enemy,
 And rob the grave of gloom.
 He cometh, clothed in light,
 To bid our darkness flee ;
 For night to give us day, for
 death
 His immortality.

The Christ of God we sing,
 The Babe of Bethlehem !
 And on His infant head we place
 The royal diadem.



The crown of thorns is His,
That child of poverty,
Who on this earth of ours can find
No place His head to lay.
The crown of heaven is His,
And angels own Him there.
The crown of earth shall yet be His,
And we that crown shall share.





The Foreglow.

THE angel has come down,
 The glory now has shone,
 The shepherds see the light and hear the voice.
 Fear not ; behold I bring
 Glad tidings of your King ;
 Let all the nations of the earth rejoice.

Sing a new song to-night,
 Sing all ye stars of light,
 The Lord of Glory leaves His glorious heaven.
 To earth behold Him come
 From His celestial home ;
 To us a Child is born, a Son is given !

O music of the past,
 The sweetest and the last
 Of all the notes of ages gone is this,



That tells of the great birth,
 That sings of peace on earth,
 And man restored to more than primal bliss.

O lingering night, speed on !
 Arise, thou golden sun,
 And bring up in its joy the day of days,
 When the eternal Word,
 Creation's King and Lord,
 Takes flesh that He may flesh to glory raise.

O wailing winds, be still,
 O'er sea and plain and hill ;
 O storm and thunder, cease your tumult, cease ;
 And breathe, thou loving gale,
 Thy odours soft exhale,
 To greet the coming of the Prince of Peace.

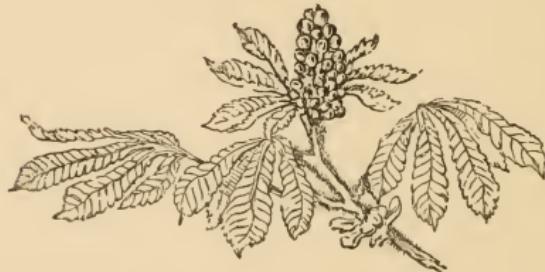
He comes to breathe our air,
 Our very flesh to wear ;
 He comes to die our death, to bear our load ;
 He comes to still our fears,
 To wipe our falling tears,
 To heal and bless,—Jesus, the Son of God !

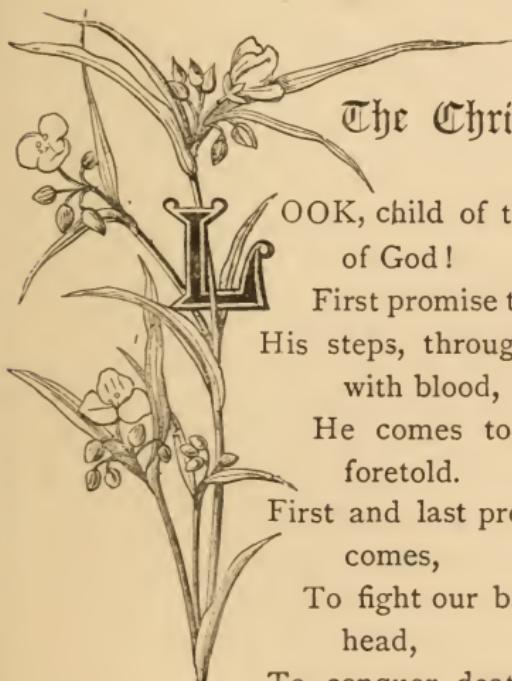
Upon yon silent peak
 I see the foreglow break,
 That tells of glory earth has never known ;



The glory of the King,
To whom all tribes shall bring
The homage, and the honour, and the crown.

Sing out, ye sons of men,
A louder, loftier strain !
Lift up your voice, O happy Bethlehem !
Let psalm and hymn ascend,
And with the incense blend
Arising from thy shrine, Jerusalem !





The Christ of the Ages.

LOOK, child of time, He comes, the Son
of God !

First promise to the fathers from of old !
His steps, through the long ages, marked
with blood,

He comes to die the death so long
foretold.

First and last promise, lo ! He comes, He
comes,

To fight our battle, crush the serpent's
head,

To conquer death, to burst earth's iron
tombs,

Himself the Lord of living and of dead.

The prophet's eye is dim,

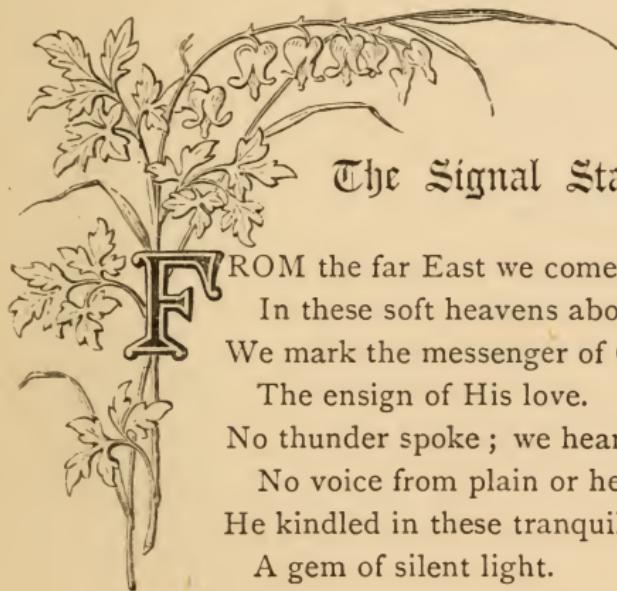
The prophet's lips are dumb,

But He, the prophet's theme,

The woman's seed, has come !

Creation's gladness, hope of weary man,
How clear Thy splendour, though but seen afar !
Light of the universe, long pale and wan,
Now rising in Thy strength, heaven's sweetest star.
Son of the Blessed, lo ! He comes at last,
The songs of ages are in Him fulfilled,
God manifest in flesh. The night is past,
And the true day begins to be revealed.
The prophet's eye is dim,
The prophet's lips are dumb,
But He, the prophet's theme,
The woman's seed, has come !

He comes to bear our sins, to soothe our woe,
To die the death which only He can die ;
To do the work which only He can do,
And lift the lost one to the land on high.
With crown and sceptre, lo ! He comes to reign,
As Prince of Peace to sheathe war's wasting sword ;
With glory, honour, blessing, in His train,
He comes, creation's righteous Heir and Lord.
The prophet's eye is dim,
The prophet's lips are dumb,
But He, the prophet's theme,
The Son of God, has come !



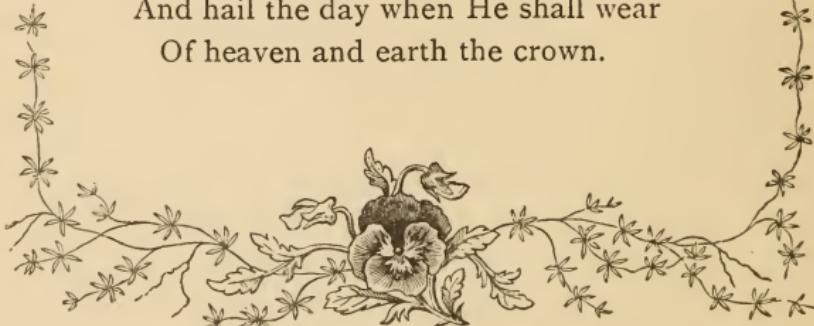
The Signal Star.

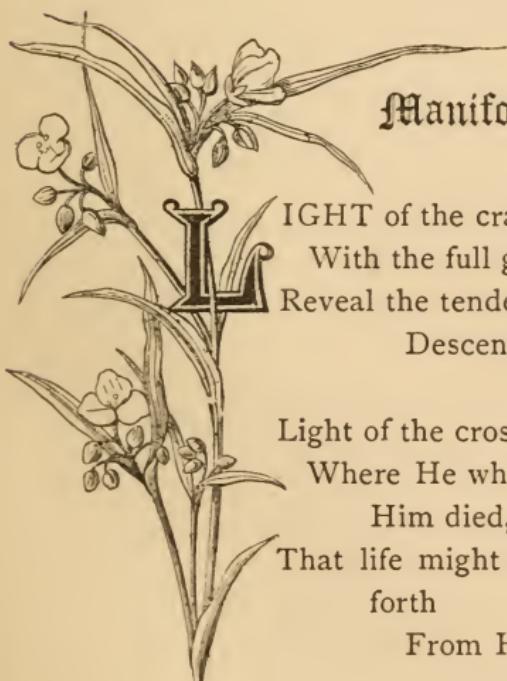
ROM the far East we come ;
In these soft heavens above
We mark the messenger of God,
The ensign of His love.
No thunder spoke ; we heard
No voice from plain or height ;
He kindled in these tranquil skies
A gem of silent light.

Men of the morning-land
Are we ; and to the West
We turn, that we may follow where
Our signal star shall rest.
Children of sunrise, we
A brighter sunrise hail,
Before the splendour of whose rays
This sun of ours grows pale.

We come to seek the King ;
For we have seen His star
Moving before us in that blue,
And beckoning us afar.
A gleam of glory bright,
An angel sent from God,
It led us out, it led us on,
Along the shining road.

Show us the King we seek,
Show us the new-born King,
That, kneeling at His cradle, we
To Him these gifts may bring.
Him King of heaven we call,
Him King of earth we own ;
And hail the day when He shall wear
Of heaven and earth the crown.





Manifold Light.

LIGHT of the cradle ! shine,
With the full glory of incarnate love ;
Reveal the tender pity of our God,
Descending from above.

Light of the cross ! shine forth,
Where He who took our death upon
Him died,
That life might freely to the dead flow
forth
From Him, the crucified.

Light of the empty tomb !
Where for three days our mighty Surety lay,
Pledge of the penalty for ever paid,
The darkness passed away.

Light of the risen Christ,
In whose bright rising we our rising see,
Let thy sweet splendour cheer, and point us to
Our morn of victory !

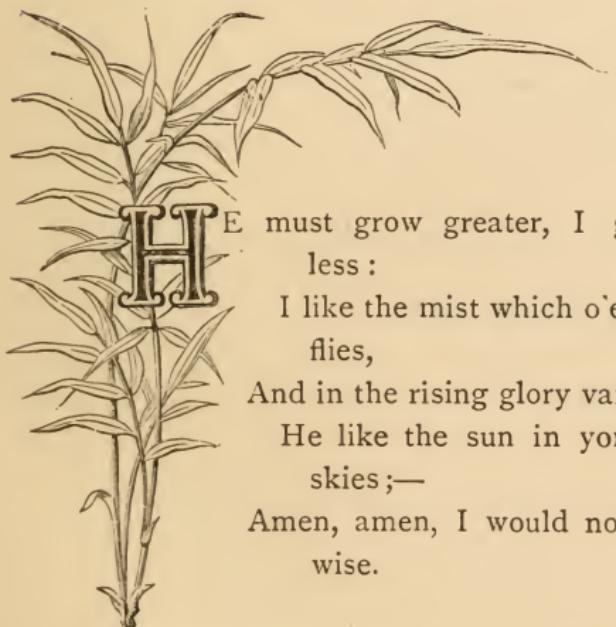
Light of the coming King,
Of Him who cometh to put on the crown
He won for us and for Himself, oh, shine
With radiance all thine own !

Light of the glory, shine !
The splendour of the undimmed heaven above,
The glory of our God and of the Lamb,
The Sun of joy and love.

Light of the city, shine !
The New Jerusalem, with gems and gold ;
The holy beauty of thy wondrous walls,
And gladness all untold.



He must Increase, I must Decrease.



E must grow greater, I grow less and less :

I like the mist which o'er the mountain flies,

And in the rising glory vanishes ;

He like the sun in yon fair morning skies ;—

Amen, amen, I would not have it otherwise.

His name among the nations shall go forth,

Above all names that earth has ever known ;

A name for ages, name of matchless worth,

Enduring when each other name is gone,

And this poor name of mine to dark oblivion thrown.

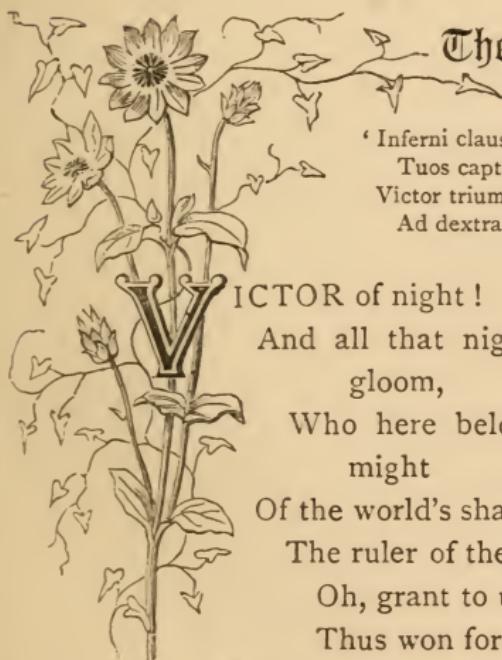
His story over earth shall yet be told,
A story for the universe to hear,—
A wondrous story, which shall ne'er grow old,
But fresher yet shall grow, and yet more dear,
When my brief tale is told of sin and want and fear.

His love, the more than sunshine for all things
And beings, or above or here below,
Shall fly abroad on everlasting wings,
Gladdening all space and time with its swift flow,
Till this cold love of mine be lost in its bright glow.

His voice, that fills the heaven of heavens with bliss,—
The more than music of each listening ear,
Itself the melody of melodies,—
Swells out o'er space, entrancing sphere on sphere,
Till this frail voice of mine is hushed with love and fear.

His throne, before whose majesty so few
On earth now bow, shall be of thrones the throne,
Its splendour ever bright and ever new ;
While on His head there rests the eternal crown,
When from each brow of earth the glittering gold has
gone.





The Victor.

' Inferni claustra penetrans,
Tuos captivos redimens,
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dextram Patris residens.'

OLD HYMN.

VICTOR of night !

And all that night contains of storm and
gloom,

Who here below didst battle with the
might

Of the world's shadows, and didst overcome
The ruler of the darkness and the night ;

Oh, grant to us to share Thy victory,
Thus won for us upon the mortal tree,

That we may walk in light !

Victor of death !

Who hast gone down into man's cheerless tomb,

The chamber of his cold mortality,

To meet the sentence and reverse the doom,

To spoil the heartless spoiler of his prey,

That we may taste, not death, but life alone,
The heavenly life of the Victorious One ;—
Children of life and faith !

Victor of sin !

And all the evil that man's sin hath wrought,—
The severance from God, the empty heart,
The dread and the unrest which guilt hath brought,
The fever of the conscience, the slow smart
Of life, with all its conflict and its toil,—
Oh, share with us the conquest and the spoil
Which Thou for us didst win !

Victor of hell !

Whose iron portals seemed to mock Thy power ;
Whose king, with all his legions, issued forth
To measure strength with Thee in that dark hour
When the dread battle between heaven and earth
And lowest hell was to be lost or won,—
Oh, grant that we, wearing the Victor's crown,
May in His city dwell !





The Song of Life.

WEET song of life ! oh, sound again,—
Sound in this realm of death and pain,
A louder, sweeter, fuller strain !

Sweet song of life ! breathe out again
Thy low, long, lingering refrain,
And bind us in thy blessed chain.

Be it a song of sympathies,
Knitting together good and wise,
As wave o'er wave its ripples rise.

A varied, ever-winding song,
To which all cadences belong,
Plaintive or glad, serene or strong ;

The relics of an ancient lay,
The sunshine of an August day,
The grandeur of great minstrelsy.

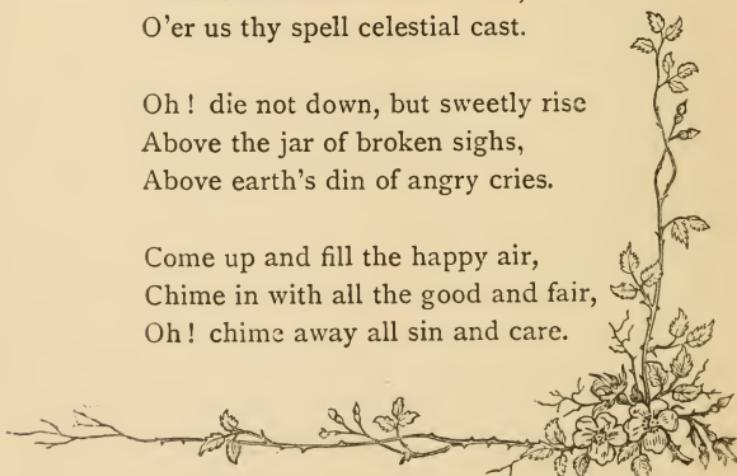
Be it a song the soul to fill,
Its tumults to control or still,
To nerve the ever-trembling will.

Song of the everlasting age !
Our children's children's heritage ;
Song of the mighty pilgrimage !

Song of the future and the past,
Of love that shall for ever last,
O'er us thy spell celestial cast.

Oh ! die not down, but sweetly risc
Above the jar of broken sighs,
Above earth's din of angry cries.

Come up and fill the happy air,
Chime in with all the good and fair,
Oh ! chime away all sin and care.



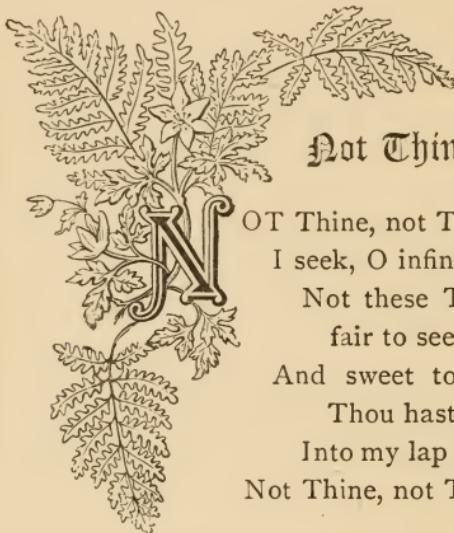
Awake ! as once in Eden's bloom,
When Paradise contained no tomb,
Thy healing melody resume.

Pervade this being with thy strain,
Charm from our limbs this binding chain,
Let all this soul be song again.

Dear song of life ! pass not away ;
Fair music of eternal day,
For ever, ever with us stay !

Filled with thy solemn melody
Let sky and earth, let land and sea,
For ever and for ever be !





Not Thine, but Thee !

OT Thine, not Thine, but THEE
I seek, O infinite, eternal Lord !
Not these Thy earthly gifts, though
fair to see
And sweet to taste,—the gifts which
Thou hast poured
Into my lap to tell Thou lovest me ;—
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

The flowers are beautiful, the stars are bright,
The mountains flash their crowns of royal snow ;
The blue arch shines undimmed both day and night,
The streams make music in their blithesome flow.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

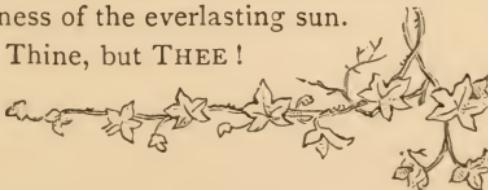
The gold that gleams in earth's unmeasured mines,
The gems that hide beneath the ancient main ;

The fruit that droppeth from a thousand vines,
The yellow sheaves of August's sunny grain.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !
The sun walks round in daily majesty
His azure path of glory and of love ;
The moon, in sweet and silent purity,
Floats softly o'er us like a silver dove.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

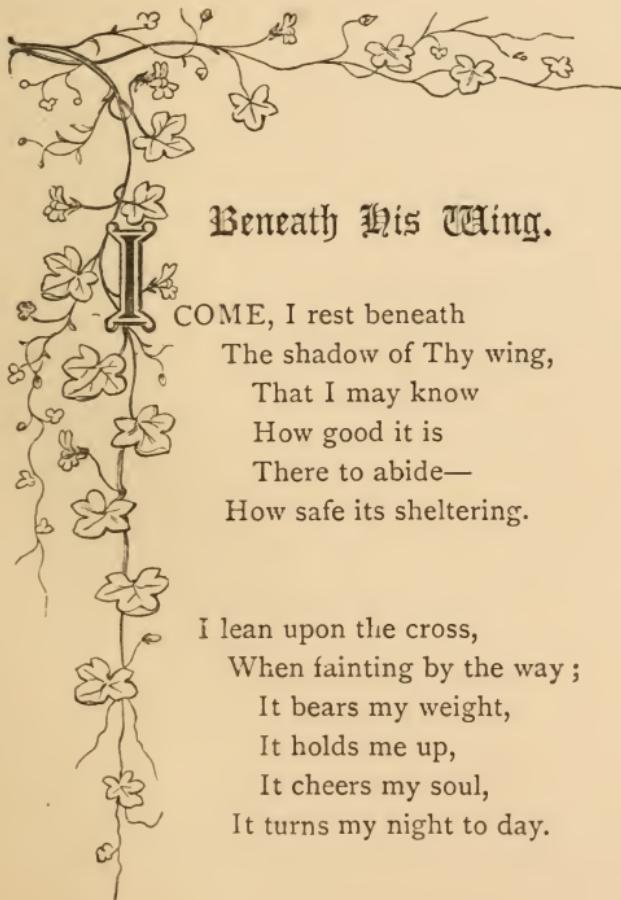
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !
The face and voice of friendship, oh, how sweet !
Hand clasped in hand, and eye still meeting eye,
And love to love still beating, and to beat,—
These are Thy gifts descending from on high.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !
Thyself I seek, O Thou my God and Lord !
Thy face of love I still would gaze upon,
That into this dark soul there may be poured
The brightness of the everlasting sun.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !



Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !
Thy love and beauty, O my gracious God,
The peace and joy from the eternal well
I seek, and on my dreary, toilsome road
I drink the streams that round me shine and swell.
Not Thine, not Thine, but THEE !

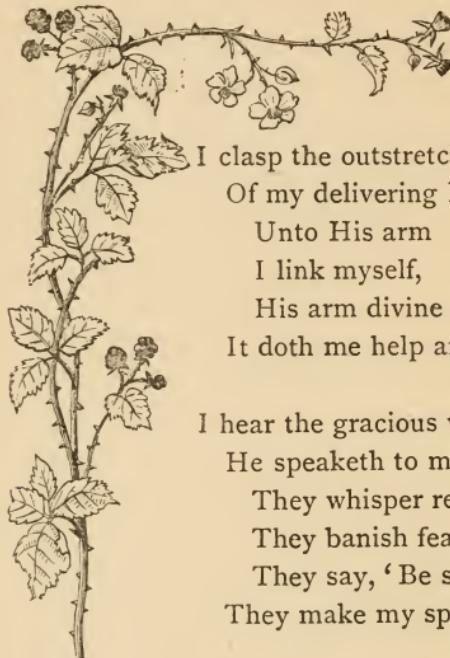




Beneath His Wing.

COME, I rest beneath
The shadow of Thy wing,
That I may know
How good it is
There to abide—
How safe its sheltering.

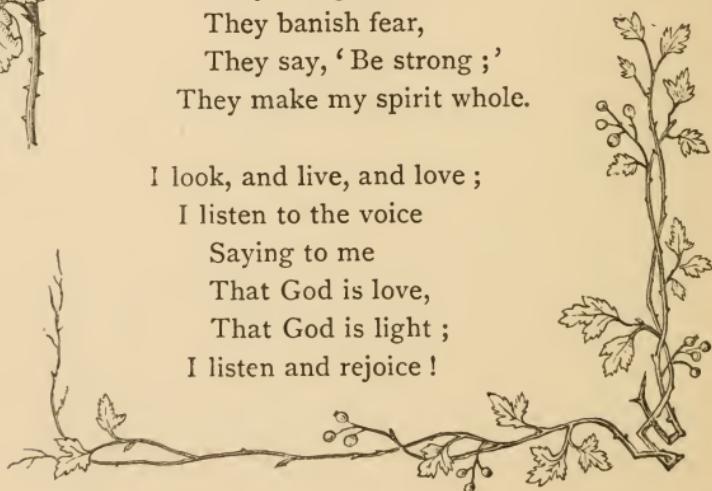
I lean upon the cross,
When fainting by the way ;
It bears my weight,
It holds me up,
It cheers my soul,
It turns my night to day.

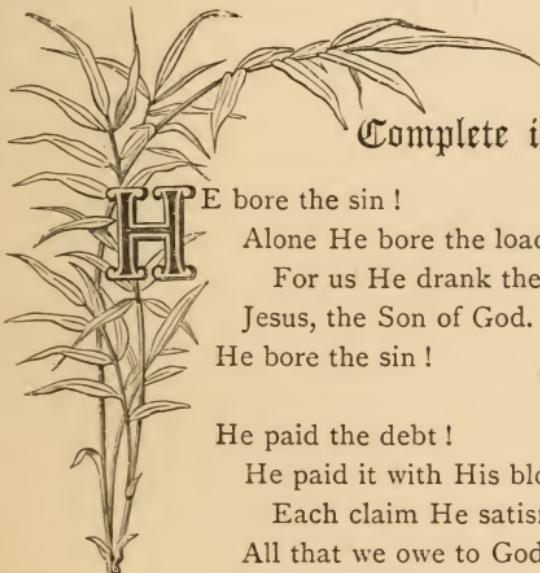


I clasp the outstretched hand
Of my delivering Lord ;
Unto His arm
I link myself,
His arm divine ;
It doth me help afford.

I hear the gracious words
He speaketh to my soul ;
They whisper rest,
They banish fear,
They say, ' Be strong ;'
They make my spirit whole.

I look, and live, and love ;
I listen to the voice
Saying to me
That God is love,
That God is light ;
I listen and rejoice !



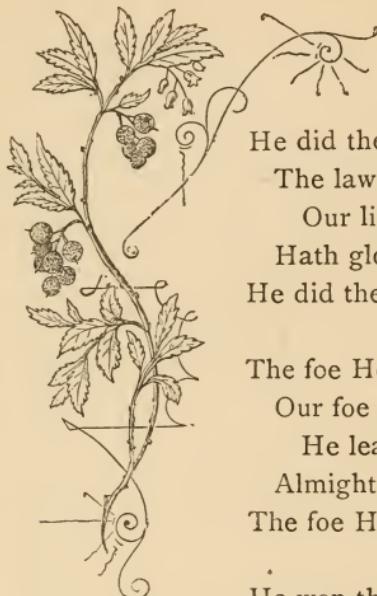


Complete in Him.

H E bore the sin !
Alone He bore the load ;
For us He drank the cup,—
Jesus, the Son of God.
He bore the sin !

He paid the debt !
He paid it with His blood ;
Each claim He satisfied—
All that we owe to God.
He paid the debt !

He made the peace !
He silences each fear ;
He is Himself the peace,
By blood He brings us near.
He made the peace !

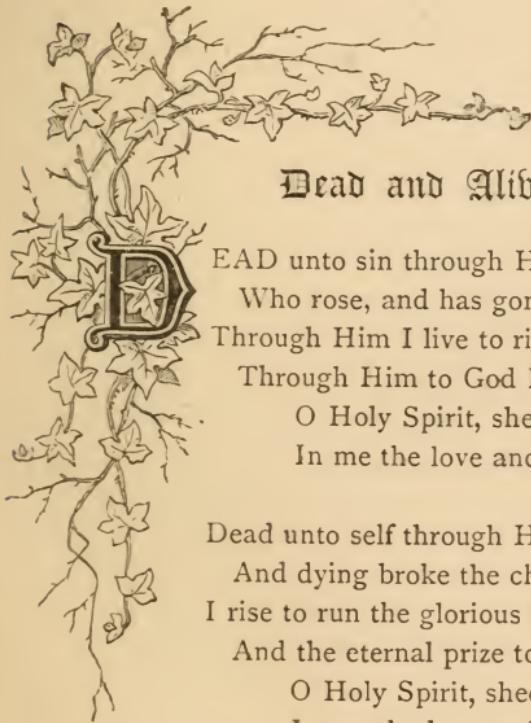


He did the work !
The law He magnified ;
Our lifetime's failure He
Hath gloriously supplied.
He did the work !

The foe He fought !
Our foe and His He slew ;
He leads us in the war,
Almighty to subdue.
The foe He fought !

He won the life !
Life by His death He won ;
That life He giveth us,
The glory and the crown
He won the life !





Dead and Alive.

DEAD unto sin through Him who died,
Who rose, and has gone up on high ;
Through Him I live to righteousness,
Through Him to God I am brought nigh.
O Holy Spirit, shed abroad
In me the love and peace of God.

Dead unto self through Him who died,
And dying broke the chains of sin,
I rise to run the glorious race,
And the eternal prize to win.
O Holy Spirit, shed abroad
In me the love and peace of God.

Dead to the law through Him who died,
In whom that law fulfilled I see ;
Through whom I in that law delight,
Its righteousness fulfilled in me.

O Holy Spirit, shed abroad
In me the love and peace of God.

Dead to the world through Him who died,
Nailed with my Lord to yonder tree ;
Now am I crucified to it,
And it is crucified to me.

O Holy Spirit, shed abroad.
In me the love and peace of God.

Dead to the flesh through Him who died,
Our trust in it has passed away ;
We worship in the Spirit now,
Free to rejoice and to obey.

O Holy Spirit, shed abroad
In me the love and peace of God.





Follow thou Me.

FOLLOW Thee, O gracious Son of God !

Nor man nor angel can be guide to me ;

Thou only leadest on the narrow road,

And whither Thou hast gone I follow Thee.

Through good report and bad I would press on,

In sorrow and in joy on Thee would lean ;

Give me the faith that sees the battle won,

And places me amid the bright unseen.

When all is calm, I clasp Thy loving hand.

When storms encompass me, in Thee I hide ;

Peril is safety when in Thee I stand,

Darkness is light when Thou art at my side.

Fightings without and fears within I have,

For this is not the kingdom nor the home ;

In every conflict make me true and brave,

In Thee and through Thee may I overcome.

In days of weakness give Thy strength to me,
In hours of weariness be Thou my rest ;
When earthly love gives way, still let me be
In Thy unfailing love divinely blest.

Let Thy perfection wholly cover me,
Absorbing all my darkness in Thy light,
Transfiguring this low deformity
Into a comeliness divine and bright.





At Ease in Zion.

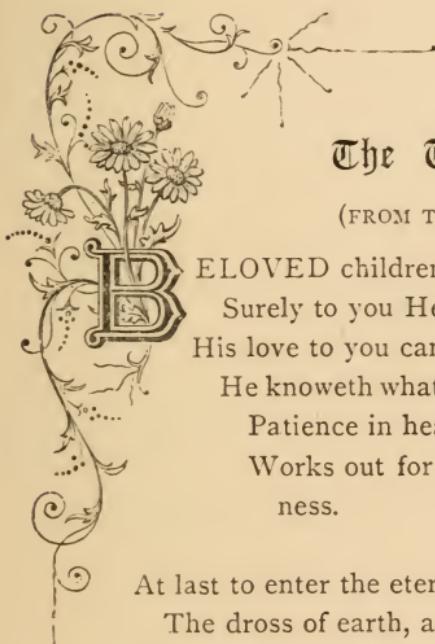
AT ease in Zion ! What are souls to him ?
He rests on roses, while the world is dying ;
Millions are passing on to their long doom,
The nations in profoundest darkness lying,
For love and help and healing vainly to us
crying.

At ease in Zion ! Can a soul redeemed,
That should, while here, be solemn vigils keeping,
Sit idly on its couch of luxury,
When the world lies in saddest slumber sleeping,
In pleasure's deepest draught its senses madly
steeping ?

At ease in Zion ! Where is then the cross,
The Master's cross, all pain and shame defying ?
Where is the true disciple's cross and cup,
The daily conflict and the daily dying,
The fearless front of faith, the noble self-denying ?

At ease in Zion ! Shall no sense of shame
Arouse us from our self-indulgent dreaming ?
No pity for the world ? No love to Him
Who braved life's sorrow and man's disesteeming,
Us to God's light and joy by His dark death redeeming ?





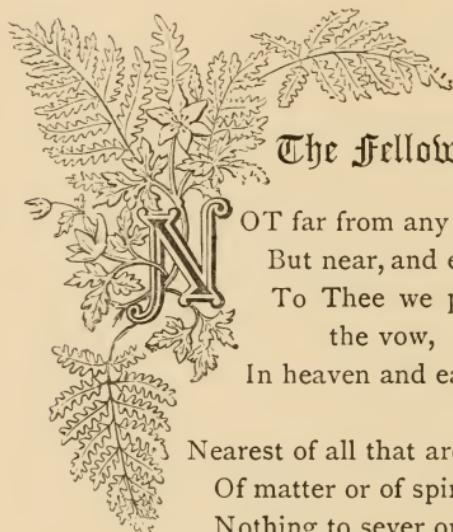
The Training.

(FROM THE DUTCH.)

BELoved children, let the Master train you !
Surely to you He meaneth nothing ill ;
His love to you can never know decreasing,
He knoweth what He does,—'tis wisdom still.
Patience in heavy days of dark distress
Works out for you the heavenly blessed-
ness.

At last to enter the eternal glory,
The dross of earth, and all life's base alloy,
For ever purged by the Divine Refiner ;
Ah, this is bliss ! this is of joys the joy !
God's dearest child is he who, longest tried,
Thus enters in, refined and purified.





The Fellowship of the Unseen.

OT far from any one of us, O Lord,
But near, and ever near, to us art Thou.
To Thee we pay the love, the praise,
the vow,
In heaven and earth exalted and adored.

Nearest of all that are to us most near,
Of matter or of spirit, seen, unseen ;
Nothing to sever or to come between,
Dearest of all that are to us most dear.

No love, O loving Lord, no love like Thine !
Fullest and sweetest of all loves that fill
The human heart or mould the human will ;
Replenish us with this Thy love divine.

To know the love that passeth knowledge, this
Is the ambition of our longing heart.
Deny us not ; God of our life, impart
This fulness of true joy, this sum of bliss !

Sunshine is near, but not so near as Thou ;
The air we breathe is near, Thou nearer still ;
This earth is near, with stream, and wood, and hill,
Thou nearer than all nearnesses below.

This hand I clasp, this well-known face I see ;
How close the union that makes up the whole
Of human oneness, knitting soul to soul !
But all is distance when compared with Thee

In Thee we live and move, in Thee we are ;
Nearer art Thou than we can think or deem.
Thy nearness is no nearness of a dream,
We cannot turn the near into the far.

Oh, take our hand, and clasp it close in Thine !
Oh, speak to us, as now we speak to Thee !
We would not though we could Thy presence flee ;
Give us each hour Thy fellowship divine.



Oh, love us, bless us, bind us to Thy side,
 Make our communion yet more warm and sweet,
Even here on this cold earth, until we meet
Where all is perfected and glorified.

The age of the unseen will soon be done,
 The day of conscious nearness comes apace ;
Then shall we see Thee fully face to face,
Then shall we know Thee even as we are known.

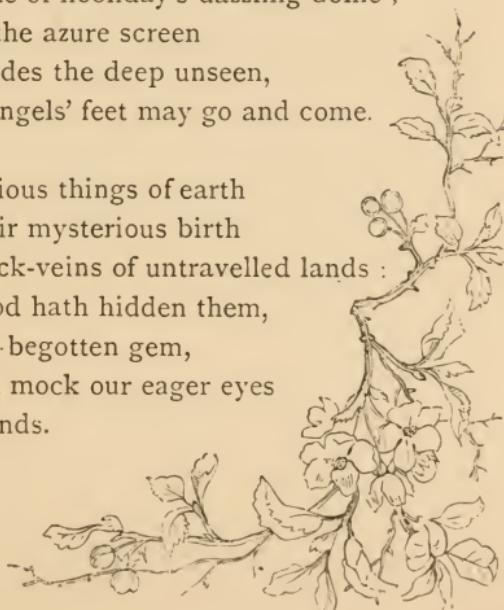


The Hidden Heritage.

'It seems to me true that the extreme regions of the earth, which surround and shut up within themselves all other countries, produce the things which men reckon the most beautiful and rarest' (*τὰ καλλιστα καὶ σπουδωτα*).—HERODOTUS, *Thalia*, sec. 116.

OUR wealth is from afar,
Beyond the setting star,
Above the blue of noonday's dazzling dome ;
Outside the azure screen
Which hides the deep unseen,
Where only angels' feet may go and come.

The precious things of earth
Have their mysterious birth
Within the rock-veins of untravelled lands :
There God hath hidden them,
Each fire-begotten gem,
In mines that mock our eager eyes
and hands.



Our silver and our gold,
 Unmeasured and untold,
 Are all outside of us, beyond our skill
 'To make or to unmake,—
 We toil, we sleep, we wake,
 Needy and weary, yet unsated still.

Our joys, like polar light,
 Gleam in the wintriest night !
 Or, like the melody of distant chimes,
 Steal down the solemn air,
 A heavenly messenger,
 To bring the tidings of untraversed climes.

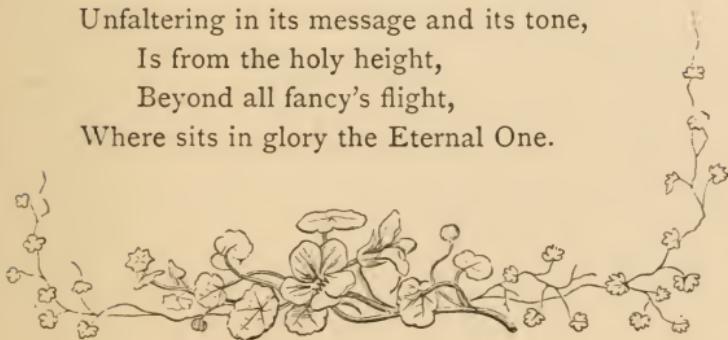
The light in which we move
 Has its fair fount above ;
 Not to this misty globe does it belong.
 From shores without a name
 The stranger-glory came,
 To be to man a torch, a star, a song.

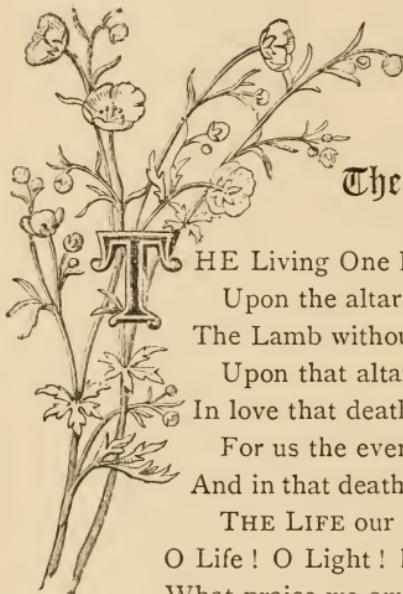
We are all pris'ners here,
 Chained to this lower sphere :
 That starry network girdles us all round.
 O strange captivity !
 We would, but cannot fly ;
 We would, but cannot quit this mortal ground.



Poor children of the dust,
We sit in silent trust,
Receiving all things precious from on high,
Which drop each pensive day
Upon our quiet way,
From the great treasure-land beyond that sky.

The voice that beckons us,
Divine and marvellous,
Unfaltering in its message and its tone,
Is from the holy height,
Beyond all fancy's flight,
Where sits in glory the Eternal One.





The Light of Life.

THE Living One hath died !
 Upon the altar bleeds the sacrifice ;
 The Lamb without a blemish and a spot
 Upon that altar lies.
 In love that death He died,
 For us the everlasting work was done ;
 And in that death of death our death He slew,
 THE LIFE our life hath won !
 O Life ! O Light ! how vast a debt to Thee,
 What praise we owe for such a victory !

The Light of life hath risen !
 All splintered lies the mortal prison-bar
 That tried to fetter the Almighty Life,
 And bind the Morning Star !
 That Star hath risen, and shines
 In ever-widening brightness in yon sky ;

Fairest and sweetest, never more to set,
Or leave its home on high.

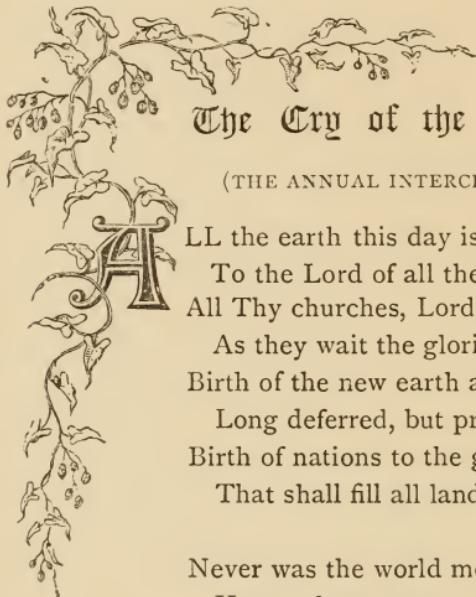
O Star of stars, O Light of lights, shed down
Thy splendour here, unrivalled and alone !

No darkness now we dread,
No sickness and no death or death-bed gloom ;
The risen Light has lighted up our sky,
The risen Life our tomb.

Night, whither art thou gone ?
We look for thee, but only find the day ;
Thy canopy of tempest and of cloud
Has passed in light away.

O death, O night, for ever, ever past !
Morn of the living, Thou hast come at last !





The Cry of the Needy.

(THE ANNUAL INTERCESSION.)

ALL the earth this day is crying
To the Lord of all the earth ;
All Thy churches, Lord, are pleading,
As they wait the glorious birth,—
Birth of the new earth and heavens,
Long deferred, but promised long,—
Birth of nations to the glory
That shall fill all lands with song.

Never was the world more needy,
Human hearts more sad and poor ;
Crying blindly for a healer,
Seeking not the heavenly cure.
Never was the harvest greater ;
Yet the reapers, where are they ?
Far and few, where most are needed,
Fainting in the heat of day.

Never did the world shine brighter,
With its beauty and its love,
Drawing souls within its circle
From the joys and songs above.
Never did the great ensnarer
Spread his spells with wiser skill,
Turning light to darkness, mingling
Sweet and bitter, good and ill.

Father, in this day of weakness,
Weary hand, and fainting knee,
In this hour of fear and darkness,
Now for help we turn to Thee !
Let the sighing of the needy
Come into Thy listening ear ;
Let Thy people, in their pleading,
Know Thee gracious, find Thee near !

These our cries of sin and weakness
On Thy mercy-seat we lay,
To Thy heavenly love appealing,
There we leave them, Lord, this day.
There the sprinkled blood shall own them
As we lay them at Thy feet,
Perfumed with the priestly fragrance,
Incense ever pure and sweet.

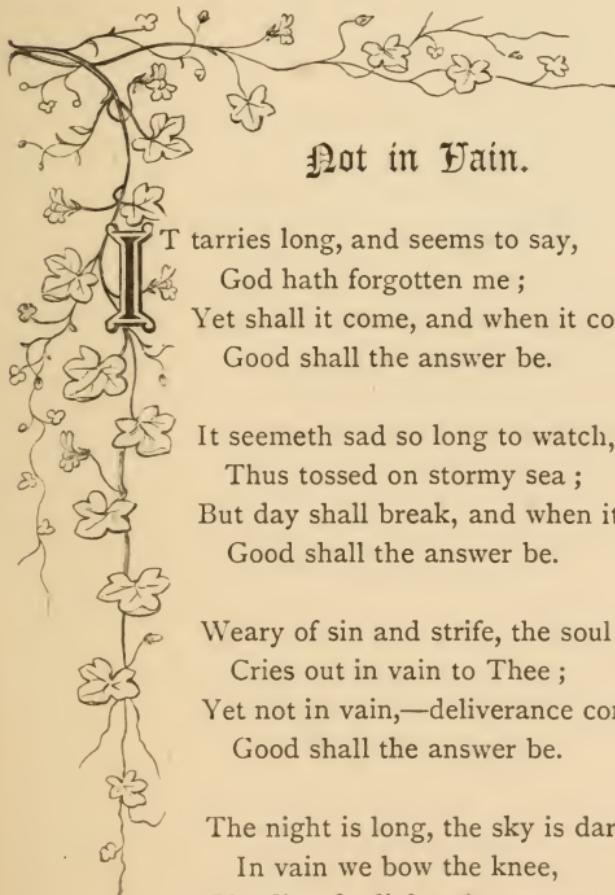


Golden vials full of odours,
 Sending up their fragrant breath,
 Bear into Thy heavenly temple
 These our broken cries beneath.
 From that temple where He dwelleth,
 He our Priest and King above,
 Let the never-ending answer
 Daily come in joy and love.



For the earth, with all its kingdoms
 Far and near, this day we cry ;
 Light of light, dispel the darkness
 With the Dayspring from on high !
 For Thy Church of every nation,
 For each saint on earth we plead ;
 Give the fulness of Thy Spirit,
 Give the life and light we need.

Unto Him, then, who is able
 Thus to do for us this day
 Far beyond what we can ask for,
 Unto Him be praise for aye.
 Praise to the Eternal Father,
 Praise to the Eternal Son,
 Praise to the Eternal Spirit,
 Praises to the Three in One !



Not in Vain.

T tarries long, and seems to say,
God hath forgotten me ;
Yet shall it come, and when it comes,
Good shall the answer be.

It seemeth sad so long to watch,
Thus tossed on stormy sea ;
But day shall break, and when it comes,
Good shall the answer be.

Weary of sin and strife, the soul
Cries out in vain to Thee ;
Yet not in vain,—deliverance comes ;
Good shall the answer be.

The night is long, the sky is dark,
In vain we bow the knee,
Pleading for light : it comes at last ;
Good shall the answer be.

The battle goes against us, yet
We fight and will not flee ;
Help, Lord ! He hears ; and when it comes,
Good shall the answer be.

How long ! the Church thus pleads
In hours of agony ;
But not in vain, her cry is heard :
Good shall the answer be.

How long ! creation cries in bonds,
Still longing to be free ;
The groan is heard, and when it comes,
Good shall the answer be.



The Silence of Faith.

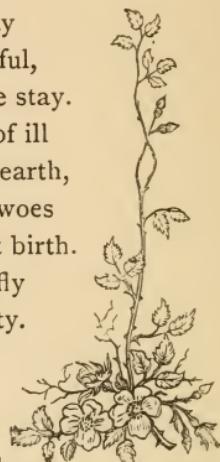
'In se magna ruunt.'—LUCAN, i. 81.

I CANNOT master time and space,
 Nor bid the impetuous ages stay ;
I cannot alter noon and night,
 Nor turn the shadows into day.
I may not span the unmeasured vast,
 Nor grasp the Pleiads in my hand ;
The far and near, the great and small
 I see, but cannot understand.
Helpless I sit, hemmed in by power
 And will superior to my own,
Touched on all sides by laws unseen,
 Controlled by all, controlling none ;
Yet I can lean on Him who guides,
 Of sky and sea the obedient tides.



I cannot bid the tomb disgorge
 The trophies of the tyrant's power ;
I cannot charm the spoiler's hate,
 Nor flush again one pallid flower.

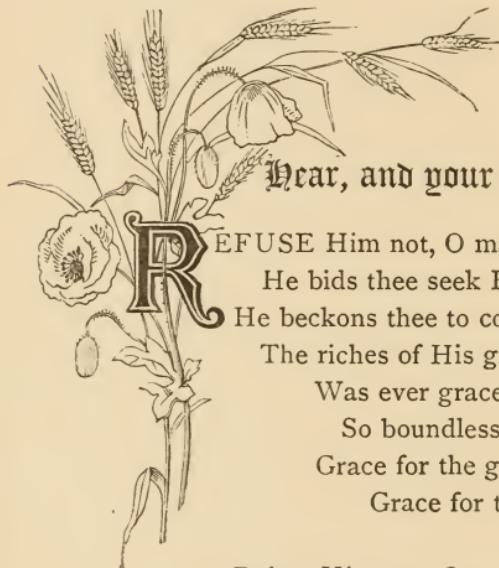
Mortal amid the mortal here,
I mourn the silent, sad decay
Of all that makes earth beautiful,
But cannot bid one radiance stay.
Fain would I loose the chain of ill
That fettereth this tortured earth,
Yet I can but its wrongs and woes
Commit to Him who gave it birth.
And to the Living One I fly
For health and immortality.



The current of one human will
Is far too strong for me to stem ;
The currents of a thousand wills,
How can I hope to baffle them ?
I cannot alter right and wrong,
Nor change the false into the true ;
I cannot judge the Judge of all,
His thoughts, His ways, His words review.
He speaks ! I hear ! O voice supreme,
Beyond all voices sweet, sublime !
He th' eternal wise and true,
I the bemisted child of time.
To him in foolishness I come,
Before Him reverent and dumb.

I see the years like billows break
Upon the passive strand of time,
And as they break, sweep off in turn
Man's works of every age and clime.
Who, what am I amid the wreck
Of all this beauty, love, and power,
O'er which I weep, but whose decay
I cannot hinder for an hour ?
The true is never obsolete,
The never old is never stale ;
I guard the gold of ancient mines,
And gather gems, though few and pale ;
I call them fair—as fair as when
They dropped from God's bright heaven for
men.





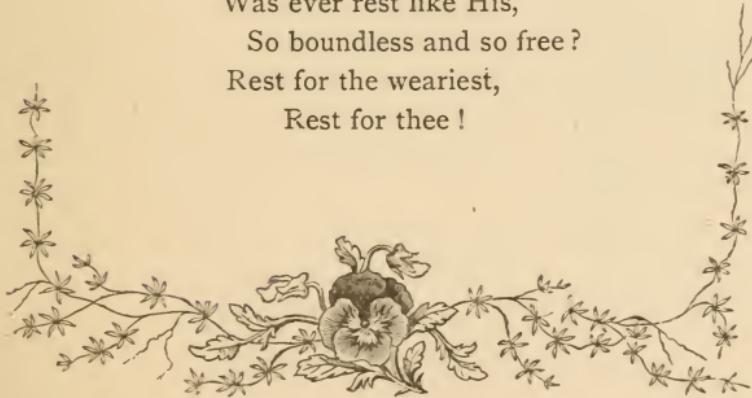
Hear, and your Souls shall live.

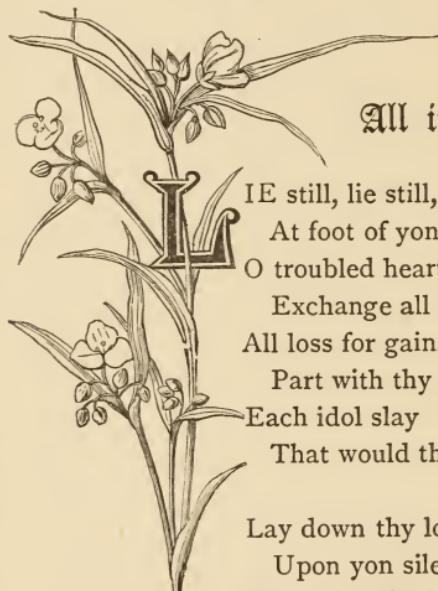
REFUSE Him not, O man !
He bids thee seek His face ;
He beckons thee to come and taste
The riches of His grace.
Was ever grace like His,
So boundless and so free ?
Grace for the guiltiest,
Grace for thee !

Reject Him not, O man !
He speaketh from above ;
He offers thee Himself, and all
The fulness of His love.
Was ever love like His,
So boundless and so free ?
Love for the sinfullest,
Love for thee !

Resist Him not, O man !
He lays His hand divine
Upon thy head in love, and says,
‘ Let all my peace be thine ! ’
Was ever peace like His,
So boundless and so free ?
Peace to the fearfulest,
Peace to thee !

Close not thine ear, O man !
With sin and toil oppressed ;
He speaks to thee in love : ‘ Oh, come,
And I will give you rest ! ’
Was ever rest like His,
So boundless and so free ?
Rest for the weariest,
Rest for thee !





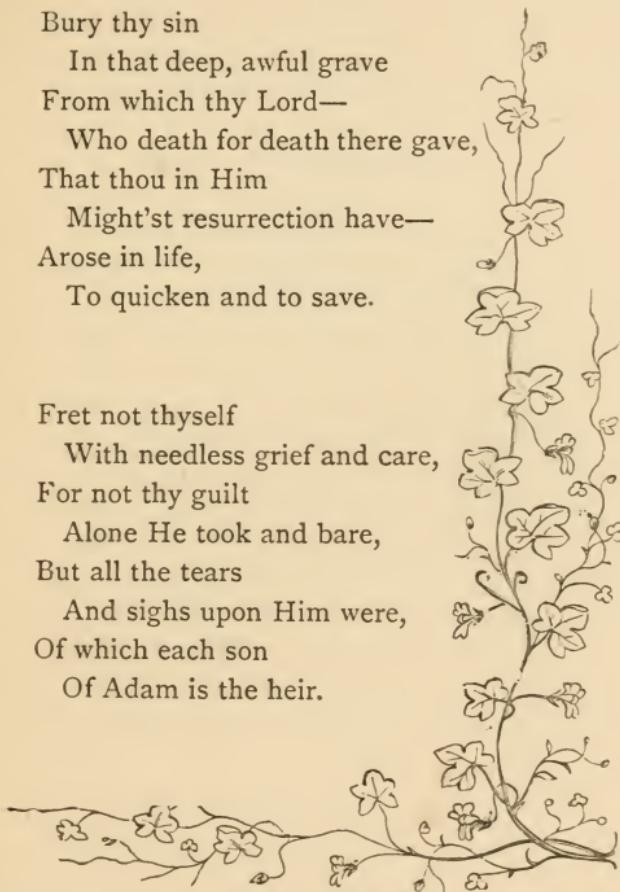
All in Him.

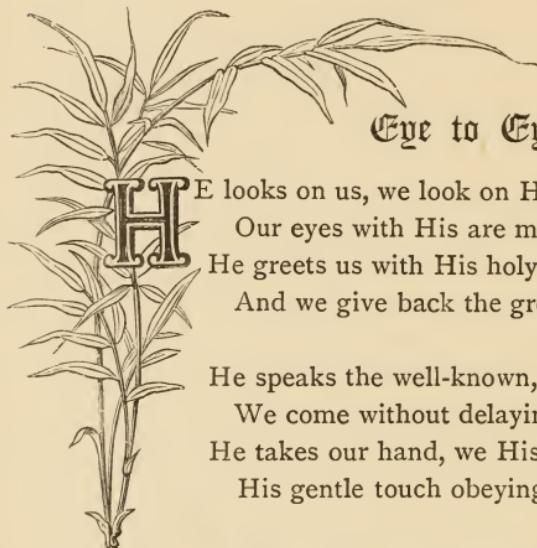
IE still, lie still,
At foot of yonder cross ;
O troubled heart,
Exchange all gain for loss,
All loss for gain.
Part with thy earthly dross,
Each idol slay
That would the soul engross.

Lay down thy load
Upon yon silent stone,
Where lay thy Lord,
Alone, yet not alone,
In holy death,
His mighty work all done,
The ransom paid,
Th' eternal triumph won.

Bury thy sin
In that deep, awful grave
From which thy Lord—
Who death for death there gave,
That thou in Him
Might'st resurrection have—
Arose in life,
To quicken and to save.

Fret not thyself
With needless grief and care,
For not thy guilt
Alone He took and bare,
But all the tears
And sighs upon Him were,
Of which each son
Of Adam is the heir.





Eye to Eye.

HE looks on us, we look on Him,
Our eyes with His are meeting ;
He greets us with His holy smile,
And we give back the greeting.

He speaks the well-known, ‘ Come to me,’
We come without delaying ;
He takes our hand, we His, our will
His gentle touch obeying.

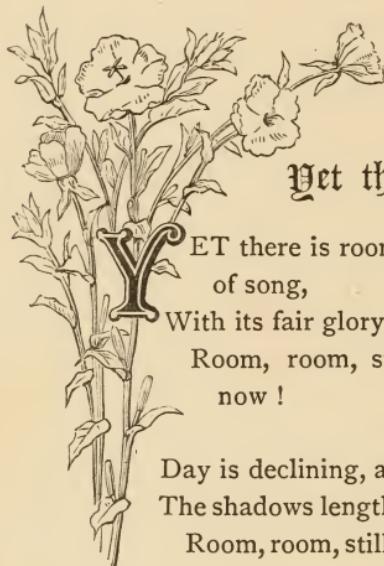
He leaneth upon us, and we
Upon His arm are leaning ;
He speaks to us, we speak to Him,
No distance intervening.

He gives His pledge, He taketh ours :
No word of His He breaketh ;

He keepeth, and will keep us still
Till the bright morn awaketh.

He waits for us, we wait for Him,
Our home He is preparing ;
We in His joy rejoicing, He
Our joy for ever sharing.





Yet there is Room.

ET there is room ! The Lamb's bright hall
of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along.
Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter
now !

Day is declining, and the sun is low,
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.
Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

The bridal hall is filling for the feast ;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest.
Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee ;
Make haste, make haste, 'tis not too full for thee.
Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Yet there is room ! Still open stands the gate—
The gate of love ; it is not yet too late.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Oh, enter in ! That banquet is for thee ;
That cup of everlasting joy is free.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

All heaven is there, all joy ; go in, go in !
The angels beckon thee the prize to win.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

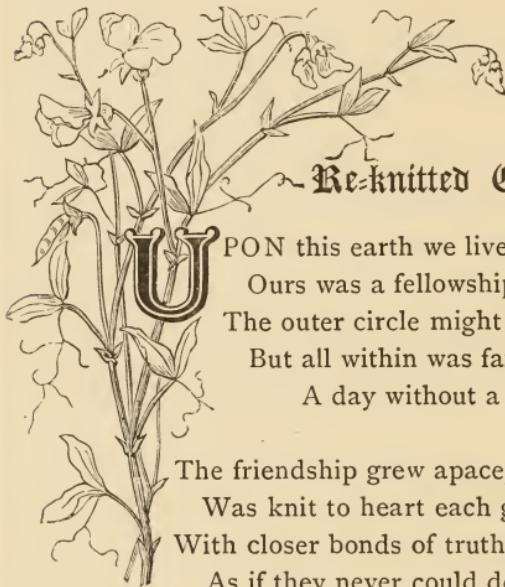
Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call ;
Come, lingerer, come, enter that festal hall.

Room, room, still room ; oh, enter, enter now !

Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom ;
Then the last, low, long cry, ‘ No room, no room ! ’

No room, no room ; O woful cry, ‘ No room ! ’





Re-knitted Companionship.

UPON this earth we lived and loved ;
Ours was a fellowship of light :
The outer circle might be dark,
But all within was fair and bright—
A day without a night !

The friendship grew apace, and heart
Was knit to heart each gentle day
With closer bonds of truth, which seemed
As if they never could decay.
Years stole in light away !

The earth was bright to us ; the sky
Bent overhead in beauty ; all
Around us was a paradise.
Our sun knew neither cloud nor fall ;
Life was one festival !

We said, as onward still we walked,
‘This oneness cannot change or fade ;
To-morrow shall be as to-day,
With brightness everywhere inlaid.’
Our spirits knew no shade.

With never-weary feet we swept
The dewy dawn, or at sweet eve
Wandered at will ; life’s golden links
Thus daily did we interweave.
This was for us to live !



One faith, one hope was ours,—the faith
That can the cloudiest night illume,
That seeth the unseen ; the hope
That looks into the joy to come,
Foredating rest and home !

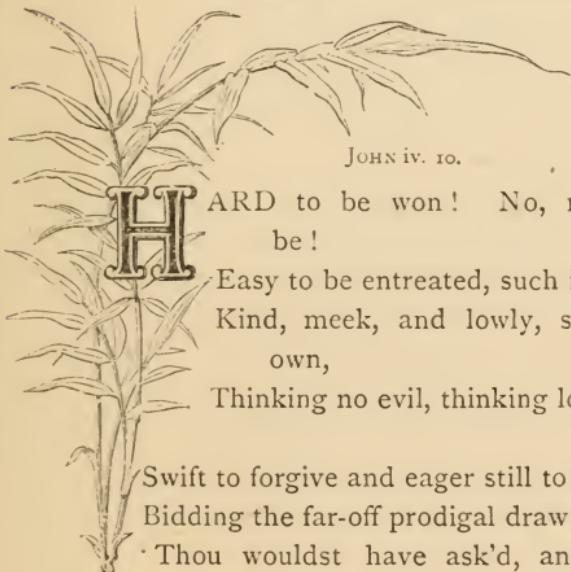
We parted : one went up, to be
Where partings are forgotten ; where
Life in its fulness dwells ; where love
Breathes its bright perfume through the air,
And every face is fair.

And I was left behind, to wait
A solemn while on earth, to long
For the eternal meeting, where
All sing together with one tongue
The everlasting song !

The earth is lonelier now, when he
Who walked with me its ways is gone ;
But soon the loneliness is o'er,
The blank forgotten and unknown ;
Not long, not long alone !



Easy to be Entreated.



JOHN iv. 10.

HARD to be won ! No, no, that cannot
be !

Easy to be entreated, such is He !

Kind, meek, and lowly, seeking not His
own,

Thinking no evil, thinking love alone.

Swift to forgive and eager still to hear,
Bidding the far-off prodigal draw near :

‘Thou wouldest have ask’d, and I,—I would
have given.’

This surely is the very gate of heaven !

No distance, and no darkness, and no frown ;

He speaks in grace and pity all His own :

‘What wildest thou that I should do to thee?’

‘Lord, that these eyes of mine the light may see !’

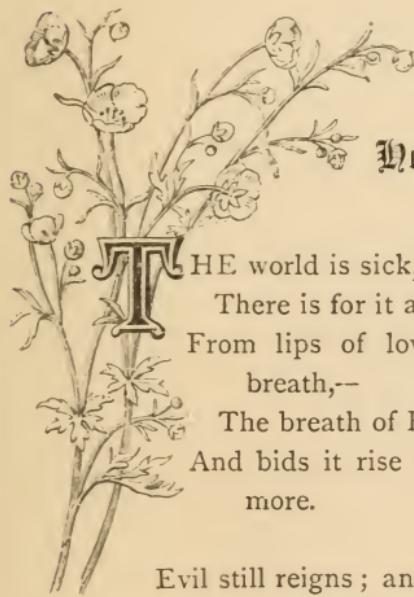
Oh, willingness above all willingness to give !
To speak the word that maketh dead men live ;
To give the touch that healeth every ill ;
To say to the wild tempest, ‘ Peace, be still ! ’

See, in His hand the cup of blessing, see !
All that large fulness, sinner, is for thee.
Oh, take it, as with love it overflows ;
Oh, drink it ! 'tis the cure of all thy woes.

See how He waits to meet the coming one,
To clasp in His embrace the long-lost son !
How glad to succour in life's sore distress,
To soothe to rest each child of weariness !

How ready with His pardon and His peace,
His love, His light, and all His heaven of bliss !
Try Him ; He will not, cannot say thee nay :
Trust Him, though heaven and earth should pass
away.





The Healing of the Nations.

REV. XXII. 2.

THE world is sick, and yet not unto death ;
There is for it a day of health in store.
From lips of love there comes the healing
breath,—
The breath of Him who all its sickness bore,
And bids it rise to strength and beauty ever-
more.

Evil still reigns ; and deep within we feel
The fever, and the palsy, and the pain
Of life's perpetual heartaches, that reveal
The rooted poison, which, from heart and brain,
We labour to extract, but labour all in vain.

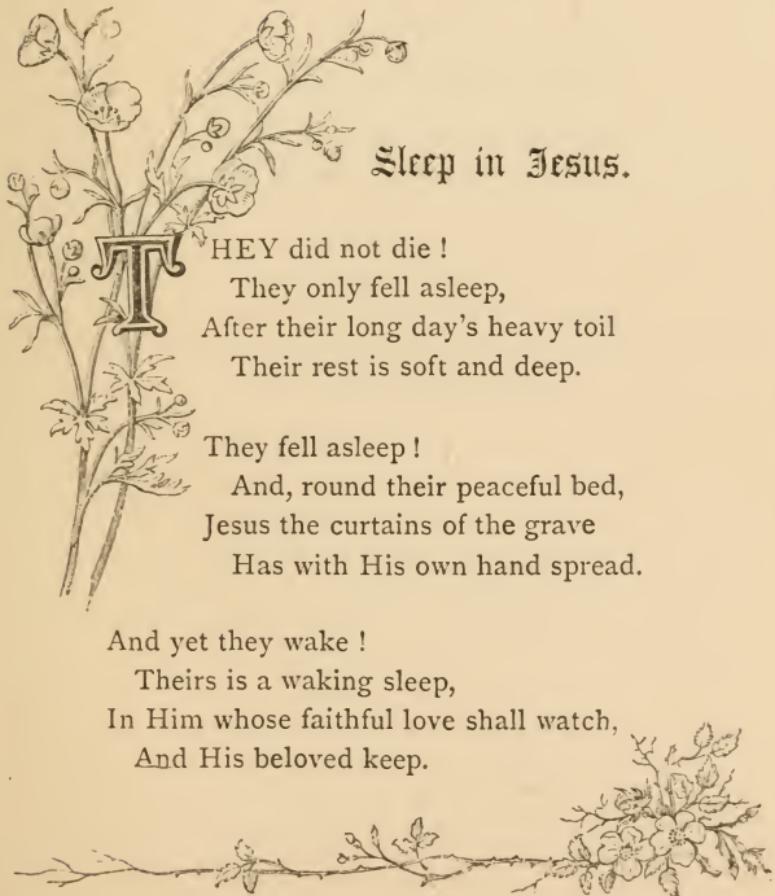
Our skill avails not ; ages come and go,
Yet bring with them no respite and no cure ;
The hidden wound, the sigh of pent-up woe,

The sting we smother but must still endure,
The worthless anodynes which no relief procure.

All these cry out for something more divine,
Which the worst woes of earth may not withstand ;
Medicine that cannot fail—the oil and wine,
The balm and myrrh, growth of no earthly land,
And the all-skilful touch of the great Healer's hand.

Man needs a prophet : Heavenly Prophet, speak,
And teach him what he is too proud to hear.
Man needs a priest : True Priest, Thy silence break,
And speak the words of pardon in his ear.
Man needs a king : O King of kings, at length in
love appear !





Sleep in Jesus.

HEY did not die !
They only fell asleep,
After their long day's heavy toil
Their rest is soft and deep.

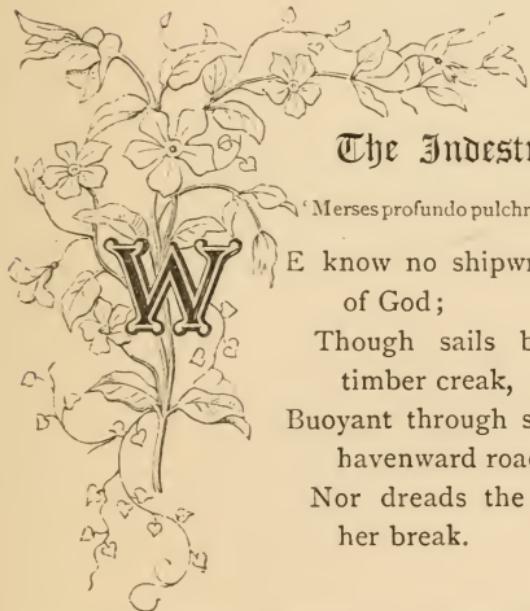
They fell asleep !
And, round their peaceful bed,
Jesus the curtains of the grave
Has with His own hand spread.

And yet they wake !
Theirs is a waking sleep,
In Him whose faithful love shall watch,
And His beloved keep.

No troubled dreams !
Sweet is the rest they take,
In conscious fellowship with Him
In whom they sleep or wake.

Farewell, we say,
Until the morning light ;
Brief are the hours of such a sleep ;
Beloved ones, good-night !





The Indestructible.

'Meres profundo pulchrior evenit.'—HOR. *Od.* iv. 65.

We know no shipwreck for the Church
of God;
Though sails be torn, and every
timber creak,
Buoyant through storm she holds her
havenward road,
Nor dreads the billows that across
her break.

Her pennon droops not, though the thunder-cloud
Wraps her tall mast and dims the cheerful skies.
'Forward!' the well-known trumpet calls aloud;
'Forward!' each voice within her quick replies.

She needs no anchor, for she must not stay
Upon her course; and to the longed-for land
She hastens on o'er foam and swell and spray,
For through the mist she sees the welcome strand.

A thousand barques may perish at her side,
She cannot sink nor miss her destiny ;
Her helmsman is the Ruler of the tide,
The Lord supreme of air and earth and sea.

Let us be calm, then, amid strife and jars ;
All things above are saying, ‘ Peace, be still ! ’
Th’ unrest of earth moves not the tranquil stars,
Nor shakes the rest of the eternal will.

Be patient ! The old sun is yet awake,
And ready for a fresh day’s march on high ;
Another hour, and you shall see him shake
The shadows from the clouds of yon dull sky.

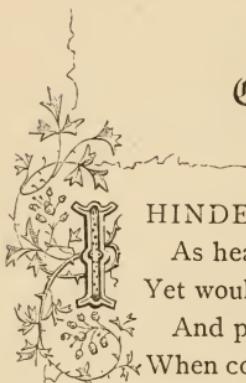
His giant strength the night hath not impaired,
His light remains undimmed, his warmth unchilled ;
Earth’s smoke and storm have not his beauty marred,
Nor does he tarry till the storm be stilled.

Fear not ! he needs no hand to hold him up,
No guide to go before him on his way,
No torch to kindle him afresh, no prop
To lean on lest he fall and blindly stray.

Though in the gloom the spirits of the night
Come forth to mock us,—‘Where is He,’ they say,
‘The Promiser of peace, the Prince of light?’—
We doubt not, fear not, dawn is on its way.

Man cannot hinder it one hour, with all
His wisdom, or his folly, or his pride ;
Calmly we wait the issue, calmly call
On Him who stills the tempest, smooths the tide.





Comfort in Tribulation.

'Thy Maker is thine husband.'

HINDER not, nor would reprove thy tears,
As heavily from weary eyes they fall ;
Yet would I wipe each drop as it appears,
And point to Him who yet shall wipe them all,
When cometh in its joy the Bridegroom's festival.

And yet thy firmament is not all gloom :
The upper veil now rends above thy head ;
And as the brilliant day goes down, there come
Forth in their beauty stars that never fade,
And o'er thee in thy night their softest radiance shed.

Stars of a realm where darkness enters not,
Nor shadow ; but where dwelleth light alone,—
The light of the true life, not now remote,
But near and bright ; for sorrow draweth down
All heaven to this low earth with power till then unknown.

O potent grief, that in a moment lights
 So many orbs above, before unseen !
O potent tears, through which the distant heights
 Appear as through a glass, so fair and green,
When o'er our buried hopes with broken hearts we lean !

O our one Light, the light that lights the grave,—
 Light from the face of Him who there once lay,
In His deep love to those He came to save.
 Shine, Light of life, with penetrating ray,
Out of our darkest night to bring our brightest day !

Light of the infinite and endless day,
 Light the lone gloom of youthful widowhood,
Fill the blank chamber, the crushed spirit stay
 In the oppression of its cloudiest mood,
And with the uplifted cross gladden the solitude.

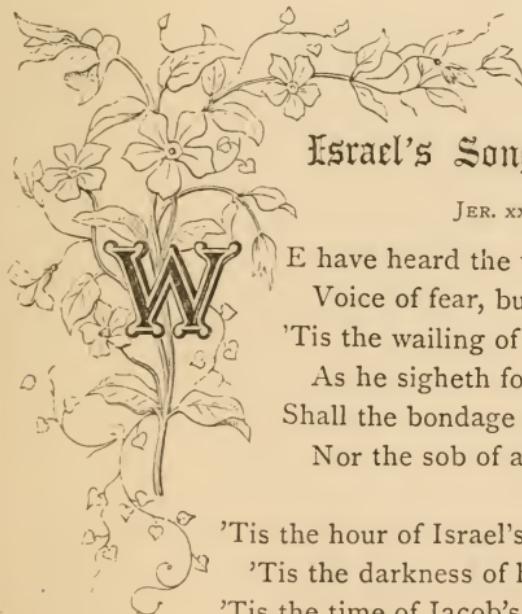
Of love that cross is telling, with the balm
 Of an all-healing love it soothes the soul ;
Upward that cross is pointing, ever calm ;
 Though at its base earth's breakers rage and roll,
It lifts us above grief and shows the eternal goal.



There sickness enters not, for all is life,
And the physician's footstep is unknown ;
The fever burns not, and the mortal strife
With the last foe is now for ever done :
Smoothed is the brow, and hushed delirium's piteous
moan.

From the fair heights the voice of heavenly love
Speaks down to earth, and calls us to ascend ;
It points the gate and beckons us above,—
'I AM THE WAY,' it says, and we attend ;
To life and not to death our eager steps we bend.



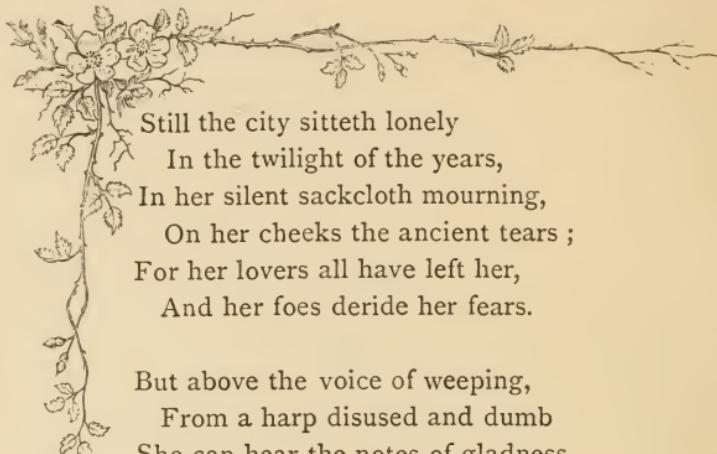


Israel's Song of Hope.

JER. xxx. 5.

E have heard the voice of trembling,
Voice of fear, but not of peace ;
'Tis the wailing of the captive,
As he sigheth for release :
Shall the bondage ne'er be broken,
Nor the sob of ages cease ?

'Tis the hour of Israel's travail,
'Tis the darkness of her night,
'Tis the time of Jacob's trouble,
But beyond it beams the light,
And the star of Judah's morning
Is arising clear and bright.



Still the city sitteth lonely
In the twilight of the years,
In her silent sackcloth mourning,
On her cheeks the ancient tears ;
For her lovers all have left her,
And her foes deride her fears.

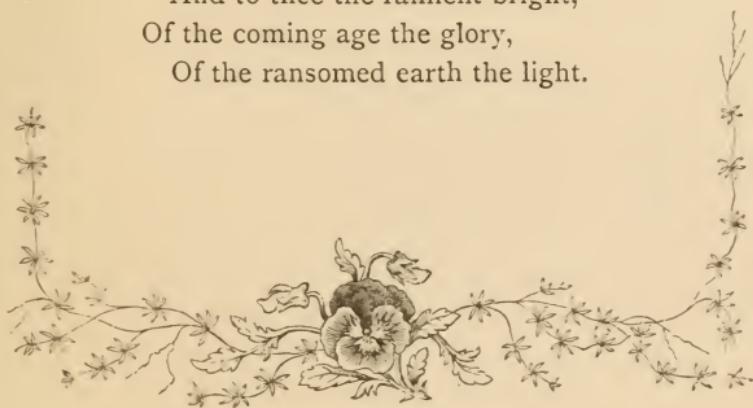
But above the voice of weeping,
From a harp disused and dumb
She can hear the notes of gladness
Speaking sweetly of a home,—
Of her ended exile telling,
As they say, 'Thy King is come.'

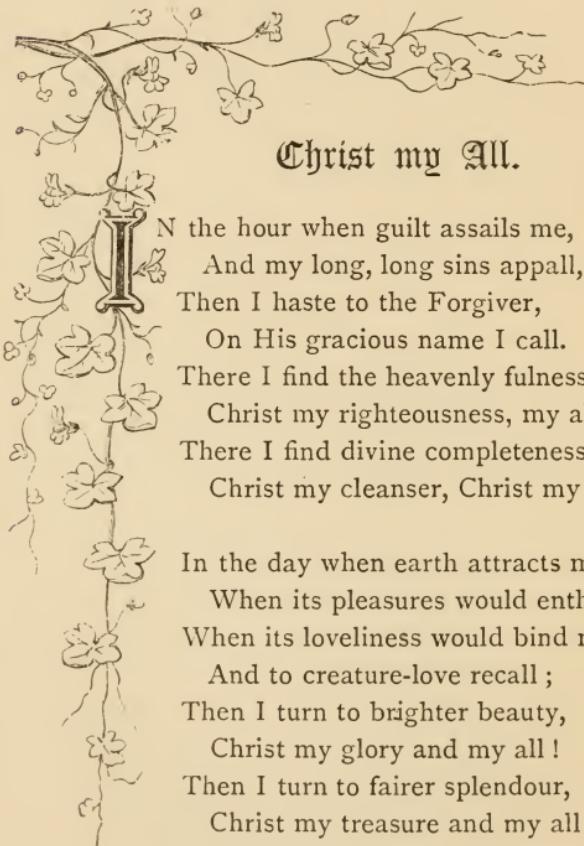
'Neath her olive's silver shadow,
There the turtle wakes her lay ;
Winter vanishes, the splendour
Shineth out of endless day.
Wake, my love ! wake up, my fair one !
It is morning, come away.

See ! the King in beauty cometh,
He, thy long, long absent King ;
As the light of dawn He shineth,

And His breath is that of spring.
From the dream of darkness waking,
Zion, lift thy voice and sing.

From the dust of ages rising,
Put on all thine ancient might,
For to thee the crown belongeth,
And to thee the raiment bright,
Of the coming age the glory,
Of the ransomed earth the light.





Christ my All.

N the hour when guilt assails me,
And my long, long sins appall,
Then I haste to the Forgiver,
On His gracious name I call.
There I find the heavenly fulness,
Christ my righteousness, my all !
There I find divine completeness,
Christ my cleanser, Christ my all !

In the day when earth attracts me,
When its pleasures would enthrall,
When its loveliness would bind me,
And to creature-love recall ;
Then I turn to brighter beauty,
Christ my glory and my all !
Then I turn to fairer splendour,
Christ my treasure and my all !

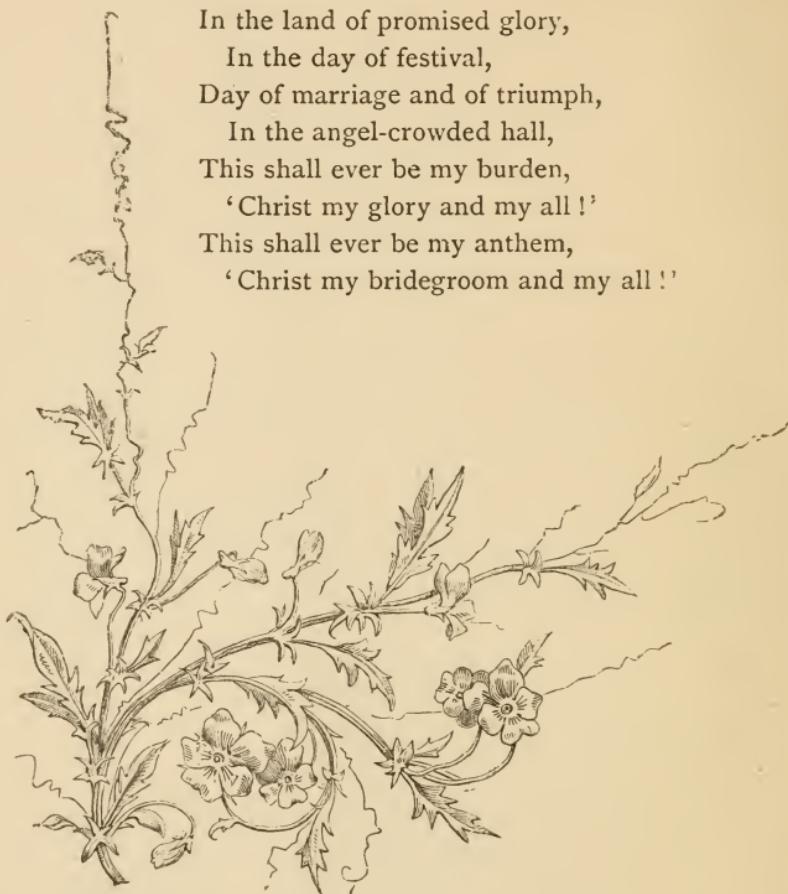
In the night, when sorrow clouds me,
And the burning tear-drops fall,
Then I look for One to wipe them,
On His changeless name I call.
Then I sing the song of patience,
Christ my brother and my all !
And I rest upon His bosom,
Christ my solace and my all !

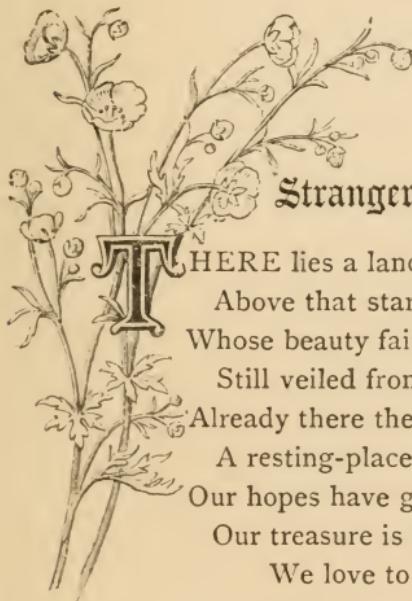
In the day when sickness weakens,
And life's solemn shadows fall,
And the death-bed curtains warn me
Of my coming funeral ;
Then I think of resurrection,
Christ my life, my health, my all !
Then I think of incorruption,
Christ my everlasting all !

In the day when the immortal
Shall fling off this mortal thrall,
Putting on the bright perfection
Of the light celestial ;
Still my song, when standing yonder,
Shall be, 'Christ my joy, my all !'
Still my song of resurrection
Shall be, 'Christ my all in all !'



In the land of promised glory,
In the day of festival,
Day of marriage and of triumph,
In the angel-crowded hall,
This shall ever be my burden,
‘Christ my glory and my all !’
This shall ever be my anthem,
‘Christ my bridegroom and my all !’





Strangers and Pilgrims.

HERE lies a land beyond these clouds,
Above that star-set blue,
Whose beauty faith alone has seen,
Still veiled from mortal view.
Already there these hearts have found
A resting-place of love ;
Our hopes have gone within the veil,
Our treasure is above.
We love to call it heaven,
The home of the forgiven,
The seat of holy rest,
The dwelling of the blest.

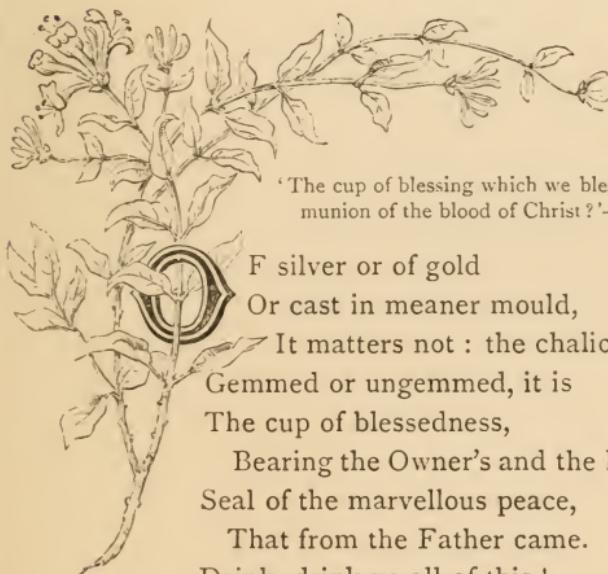
Thither we turn our pilgrim feet,
And upward daily rise ;
Upon its glory, yet unveiled,
Faith feasts its pilgrim eyes.



The Lord Himself its glowing fields
With golden gladness fills ;
Bright with His brightest splendour shine
The everlasting hills.
We love to call it heaven,
The home of the forgiven,
The seat of holy rest,
The dwelling of the blest.



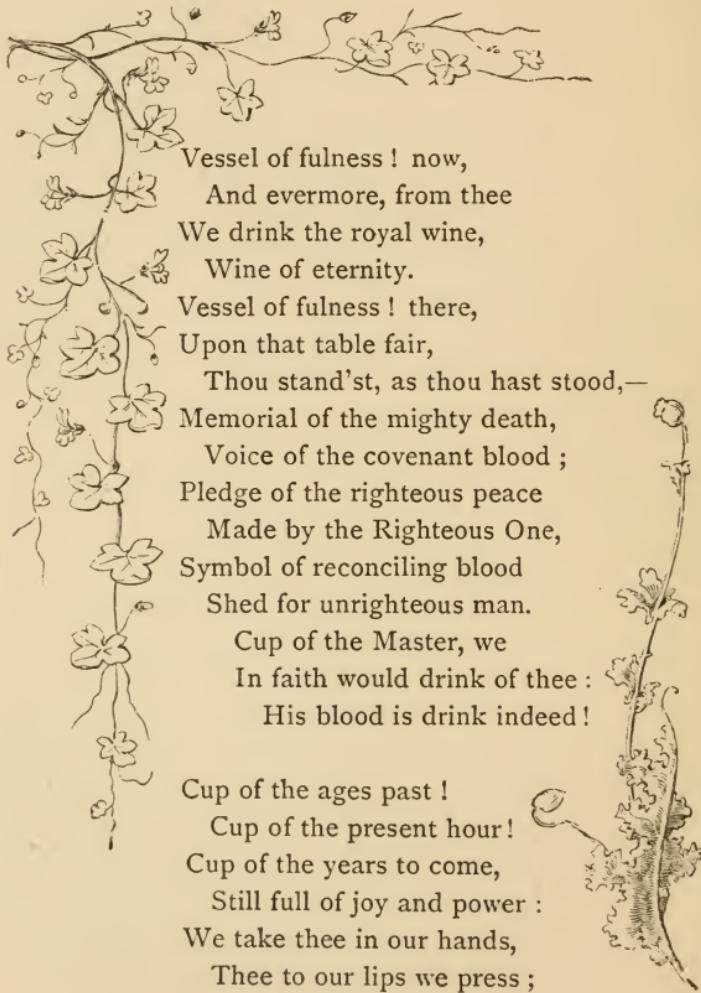
The Cup of the Lord.



'The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?'—*1 COR. x. 16-21.*

If silver or of gold
Or cast in meaner mould,
It matters not : the chalice is the same.
Gemm'd or ungemm'd, it is
The cup of blessedness,
Bearing the Owner's and the Maker's name :
Seal of the marvellous peace,
That from the Father came.
Drink, drink ye all of this !
Love on its lip engraved,
Grace in its depth profound,
Light sparkling in each drop,
All heaven within its round.
It is the King's own cup,
Beloved, drink it up :
His blood is drink indeed !





Vessel of fulness ! now,
And evermore, from thee
We drink the royal wine,
Wine of eternity.

Vessel of fulness ! there,
Upon that table fair,
Thou stand'st, as thou hast stood,—
Memorial of the mighty death,
Voice of the covenant blood ;
Pledge of the righteous peace
Made by the Righteous One,
Symbol of reconciling blood
Shed for unrighteous man.
Cup of the Master, we
In faith would drink of thee :
His blood is drink indeed !

Cup of the ages past !
Cup of the present hour !
Cup of the years to come,
Still full of joy and power :
We take thee in our hands,
Thee to our lips we press ;



We drink, with ancient men,
The fulness of thy bliss,
Thy undiluted wine,
Still perfect and divine,
Fruit of the one True Vine !

Cup of the ages, here
We taste thy holy cheer :
His blood is drink indeed !

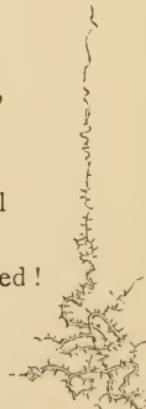
Cup of the Church ! from which
The blood-bought family
Of every clime have drunk,
Cup of Gethsemane,
And cup of Calvary ;
Cup of the cross and grave,—
What numbers without number have
Partaken of thy grace,
The white-robed multitude
Of every tribe and race !
One table and one loaf,
One cup from age to age ;



Our fathers' portion Thou,
Our children's heritage.
Cup of God's Israel,
Thy virtue cannot fail :
His blood is drink indeed !

Christ's cup and ours thou art !
The one same chalice pours
For both its wine of peace,
Wine of the Father's love
Descending from above.
Sweet cup of hope and heaven,
Of everlasting grace,
By our Redeemer given,
Seal of celestial bliss,
Of glory and of light,
For ever pure and bright.
Round Thee in weakness here,
The children of the cross
With happy hearts unite.
Cup of the covenant ! seal
The peace celestial :
His blood is drink indeed !

He is Himself the wine,
Refreshing and divine :

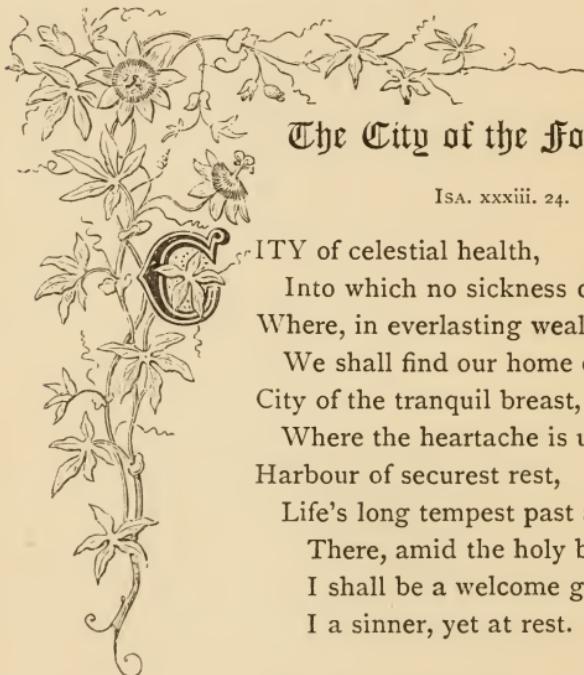


He is Himself the cup ;
Take it, and drink it up.
It overflows with bliss,
With health and holiness.

From His once-smitten side
The blessed stream has burst
Which has all wants supplied,
And quenched our soul's deep thirst !

He is the board and feast
For each God-bidden guest :
His blood is drink indeed !





The City of the Forgiven.

ISA. xxxiii. 24.

ITY of celestial health,
 Into which no sickness comes ;
Where, in everlasting wealth,
 We shall find our home of homes.
City of the tranquil breast,
 Where the heartache is unknown ;
Harbour of securest rest,
 Life's long tempest past and gone :
There, amid the holy blest,
 I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City of eternal love,
 Dwelling-place of the forgiven,
Glory of the realm above,
 Centre of the sinless heaven,

Palace of the crownèd host ;
Army upon army see,
Gathered from earth's countless lost,
Clothed in heavenly purity :
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

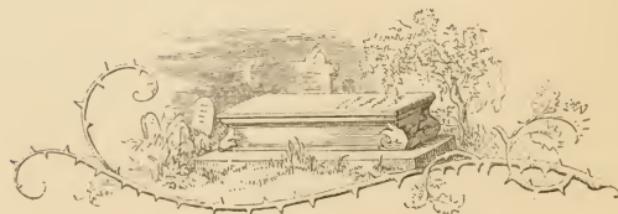
City of the cleansed and fair,
With the raiment like the light !
Sons of morning, shining there,
Sons of gladness ever bright.
City of unweeping eyes,
Where the tear-drop falleth not ;
Sorrows, farewells, broken ties,
All for evermore forgot :
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

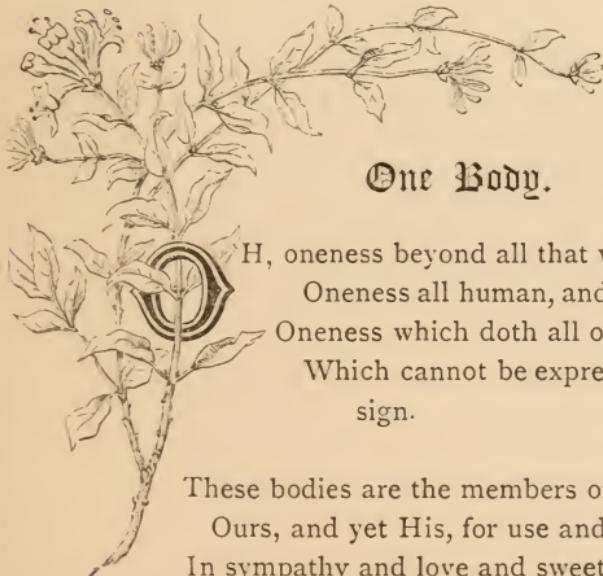
City of unsetting suns,
Where the sky is clear and pure,
Where the earthly-gathered ones
Find themselves in peace secure.
City of the feast and song,
Seat of sacred mirth above.



Where the voices, sweet and strong,
Sing the endless song of love :
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, yet at rest.

City where the ransomed meet
From a thousand lands afar ;
Where the parted we shall greet,
Safe from earthly storm and war ;
Where the Bridegroom clasps His Bride,
Reached at last the blessed goal,
Seats her at His happy side,
Best-beloved of His soul :
There, amid the holy blest,
I shall be a welcome guest,
I a sinner, and at rest.





One Body.

H, oneness beyond all that words can tell !
Oneness all human, and yet all divine ;
Oneness which doth all onenesses excel,
Which cannot be expressed by earthly
sign.

These bodies are the members of the Lord :
Ours, and yet His, for use and honour too ;
In sympathy and love and sweet accord
So one, that nought that oneness can undo.

In us that Spirit dwells that dwells in Him,
The Spirit of the Father and the Son ;
Though poor the temple, and the glory dim,
Still does that Spirit claim it for His own.

Oh, holy oneness between earth and heaven,
Each is the other, and yet not the same.
Not fellowship alone to us is given,
But unity of nature and of name !

He still the Son of God on yonder throne,
And we the sons of earth, yet dwelling here ;
Yet we with Him, He with us truly one,
As if one heart were ours, one home, one sphere.

In all our sorrows doth He sorrow still,
In all our joys He doth rejoice the more ;
He with His fulness doth our being fill,
And we our sighs into His bosom pour.

These bodies then are His : He doth them use ;
So let Him use them as it seemeth good.
These members all are His ; shall we abuse,
For earthly vileness, vessels cleansed with blood ?

These eyes are His, these ears, these lips, this tongue :
They are all His far more than they are ours ;
Shall we pollute them with earth's sin and wrong,
Or waste in vain delights these God-given powers ?

These hands are His ; shall they not do His work ?
These feet are His ; let them His errands run.

Shall, in this frame, the foe of goodness lurk ?
Shall he usurp the consecrated throne ?

These members now are weak and pained and poor ;
They cannot shun corruption's silent gloom :
Deformed and sickly, past all earthly cure,
Before them lie the deathbed and the tomb.

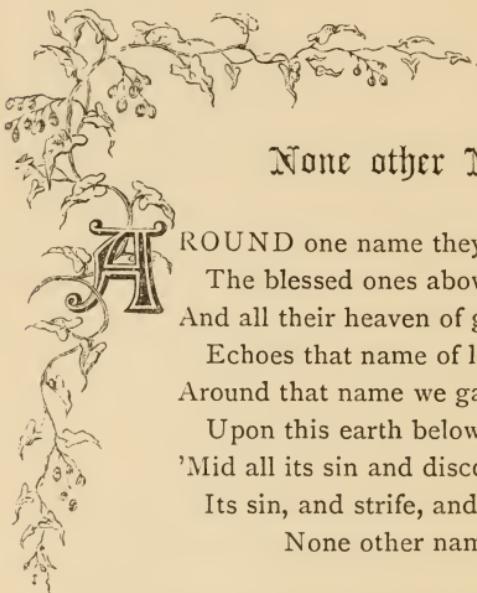
Yet full before them spreads the quickening hope
Of glad deliverance from this mortal clay ;
When, from the darkness of the grave brought up,
They share the splendour of celestial day.

And shall the members of a risen Lord
Forget the height of their celestial kin ?
Join fellowship with what they once abhorred,
Take on the yoke and wear the chain of sin ?

Upon His holy throne these members yet
Shall all be seated in that day when He,
The Head of the great Unity, shall sit
With them to share one common royalty.

Be ye then holy ; so the Master wills !
He speaketh ; let us hear His gracious voice.
Us with His holy life He daily fills,
So in that holiness let us rejoice !



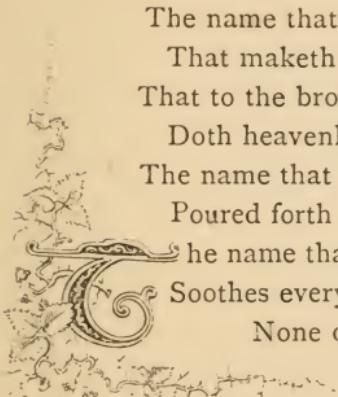


None other Name.

ROUND one name they gather,
The blessed ones above ;
And all their heaven of glory
Echoes that name of love.
Around that name we gather
Upon this earth below,
'Mid all its sin and discord,
Its sin, and strife, and woe.
None other name !

This the one name that cheers us,
And lifts our souls on high ;
This the one name that nerves us
'Gainst danger ever nigh.
We write it on our banner,
We hide it in our breast,
We grave it on our forehead,
That name, of names the best.
None other name !



The name that doeth wonders,
 That maketh dead men live,
 That to the broken-hearted
 Doth heavenly healing give.
 The name that is as ointment
 Poured forth upon the air ;

 The name that with its sweetness
 Soothes every grief and care.
 None other name !

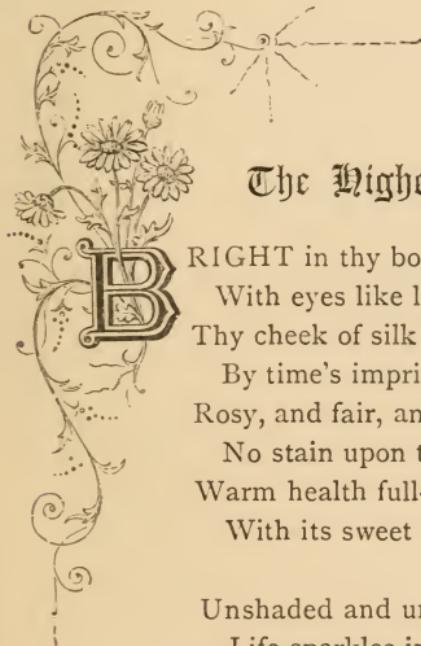
The name that bringeth pardon,
 And rest, and joy, and light ;
 The star that ever shineth
 In depth of darkest night.
 The name all heaven containing
 In fulness from on high,
 That breathes the eternal comfort,
 And whispers, ‘It is I.’
 None other name !

In sorrow’s ear we sing it, —
 To dry the dropping tear ;
 To heavy hearts we breathe it :
 It tells of Jesus near.

To the bewildered spirit
Its guidance we proclaim ;
To the dead soul we speak it,
That resurrection name.
None other name !

We tell it to the lost one,
To lure him back to home :
' This man receiveth sinners,'
Come back, O wanderer, come !
O earth, earth, earth, awaken !
This name is sounding still.
' Return, and I will bless you—
I will, I will, I will.'
None other name !

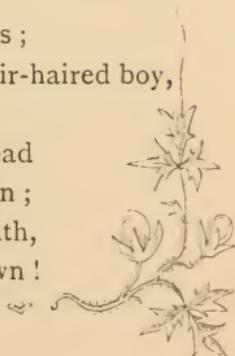




The Higher Level.

RIGHT in thy boyhood's prime,
With eyes like living stars ;
Thy cheek of silk unfurrowed still
By time's imprinted scars !
Rosy, and fair, and young,
No stain upon thy brow ;
Warm health full-beaming in thy face,
With its sweet summer glow.

Unshaded and undimmed
Life sparkles in thine eyes ;
My own bright, fresh, and fair-haired boy,
Art thou to fall or rise ?
Above thy smooth young head
All heaven is smiling down ;
Yonder the everlasting wreath,
Yonder the deathless crown !



Around thy careless steps
The dark deceiver's snare,
That seeks to shade thy marble brow,
And dim thy golden hair.
Below thy heedless feet
Darkness, and death, and gloom ;
The shrivelled frame, the wasted life,
And then the hopeless tomb.

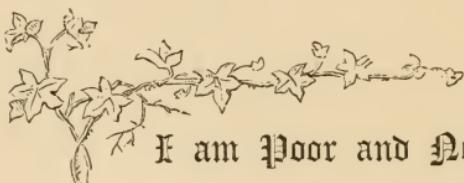


Art thou to die or live ?
Art thou to sink or soar ?
To start upon the upward march,
Or fall to rise no more ?
Buoyant, and bright, and gay,
What is thy course to be ?
Spent calmly 'neath the tree of life,
Or crime's dark upas tree ?

My fresh and fair-haired boy,
Look up, look down, and see
Man's path on earth, and then beyond,
Man's long eternity.
Choose early, wisely choose,
Ere, link by link, the chain
Of evil bind thee, and thy cries
Shall be in vain, in vain.

Must the broad way be thine ?
The bondage and the sin ?
The ruined health, the racking frame,
The curse without, within ?
Take now the heavenly path,
The bright but narrow way ;
So shall thy life be blessedness,
Thy end eternal day.





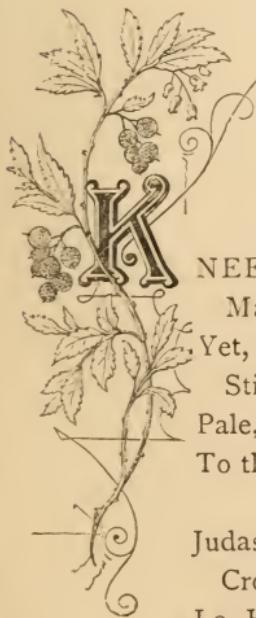
I am Poor and Needy.

SORE sick of sin, and longing to be free,—
Son of the Blessed, lo, I come to Thee :
Let me but see Thee, then am I at rest ;
Let me but touch Thy robe, and I am blest.

Shine from the cross to me, then all is peace ;
Shine from the throne, then all my troubles cease ;
Speak but the word, and sadness quits my soul ;
Touch but my hand with Thine, and I am whole.

This daily, hourly change which men call life,
Is one long scene of weariness and strife ;
Fightings without, and fears each day within,
Make up this history of pain and sin.

When shall the purity I seek be given,
Earnest of all that makes the joy of heaven ?
When shall the liberty I pant for come,
And bondage end in freedom and in home ?



Passio Christi.

FROM THE LATIN.

NEELING on the earth, He prays,
Man of Sorrows, all alone !
Yet, in depth of agony,
Still He comforteth His own.
Pale, the blood-sweat o'er him flows,
To the Father's will He bows.

Judas kisses and betrays ;
Crowds in fury onward roll ;
Lo, He speaks the healing word,
And the smitten ear is whole.
Prisoner, He is led alone,
Friend and lover both are gone.



Binding Him in cruel chains,
On they drag Him at their will ;
Smiting with their fists His back,
His deep cup of woe they fill ;
Stripe on stripe they on Him lay,
Mixed with bitter mockery.

Innocent, He stands condemned,
Spite of taunts, serenely meek ;
Questioned, answers not a word,
Bears the buffet on His cheek ;
Hears unmoved the nation's cry,
Crucify Him ! crucify !



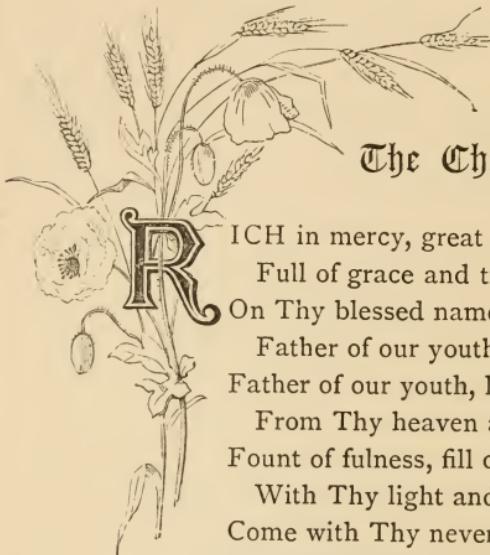


Art Thou the King of the Jews?

JOHN XVIII. 33.

BEHOLD your King! How like, yet how unlike,
The King who suffers and the King who reigns;
Both yonder! See, with reed and palm they strike,
With mocking lip deriding His sharp pains.
No royalty is here, no power, no throne,
No homage shows itself, yet is He King.
He cometh to His own, and yet His own
Receive Him not, nor gifts nor service bring.

Behold the Man! The purple robe is His,
The crown of thorns His only diadem.
Is this the mighty Judge of all? Is this
Judah's great King, the rod of Jesse's stem?
And yet, with all that outward guise of scorn,
The beams of heavenly majesty are seen
Bright shining underneath each twisted thorn,
Like sun behind the cloud's deep-veiling screen.



The Children's Cry.

ICH in mercy, great in love,
Full of grace and truth,
On Thy blessed name we call,
Father of our youth.
Father of our youth, look down
From Thy heaven above ;
Fount of fulness, fill our souls
With Thy light and love.
Come with Thy never-failing store
Of loving-kindness more and more.

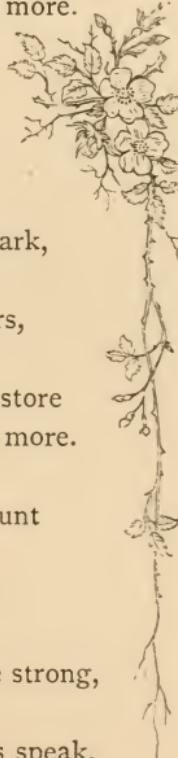
In a world of pain and sin,
Evil all around,
In Thy everlasting strength
Help alone is found.
Other lords beside Thyself,
Father, we have none ;

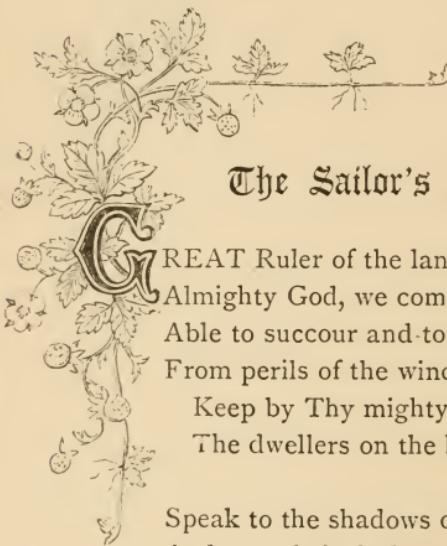


Other saviours seek we not,
But Thy gracious Son.
Come with Thy never-failing store
Of loving-kindness more and more.

Poor and needy, oh our God,
We look up to Thee !
Guilty, feeble, sorrowful,
To Thy grace we flee.
Take these hearts, divided, dark,
Wayward as the wind ;
To Thy will these wills of ours,
Lord, for ever bind.
Come with Thy never-failing store
Of loving-kindness more and more.

Wash us, cleanse us in the fount
Opened once for sin ;
Leave us not forlorn and lost,
Take Thy wanderers in.
Tempests threaten, waves are strong,
Father, draw Thou nigh ;
Saviour, through the darkness speak,
Saying, It is I !
Come with Thy never-failing store
Of loving-kindness more and more.





The Sailor's Litany.

CREAT Ruler of the land and sea,
Almighty God, we come to Thee,
Able to succour and to save
From perils of the wind and wave.
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

Speak to the shadows of the night,
And turn their darkness into light ;
Smooth down the breaker's rising crest,
Say to the billow, Be at rest.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep.

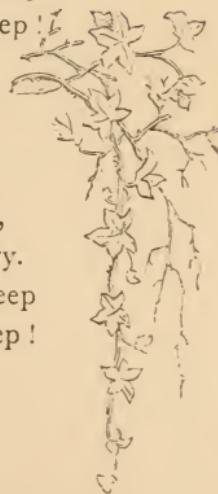
Soothe the rough ocean's troubled face,
And bid the hurricane give place

To the soft breeze that wafts the barque
Safely alike through light and dark.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

In storm or battle, with Thine arm
Shield Thou the mariner from harm ;
From foes without, from ills within,
From deeds, and words, and thoughts of sin.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !



O Son of God, in days of ill
Say to each sorrow, Peace, be still ;
In hours of weakness be Thou nigh,
Heal Thou the sickness, hear the cry.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

When hidden is each guiding-star,
Flash out the beacon's light afar ;
From mist, and rock, and shoal, and spray,
Protect the sailor on his way.

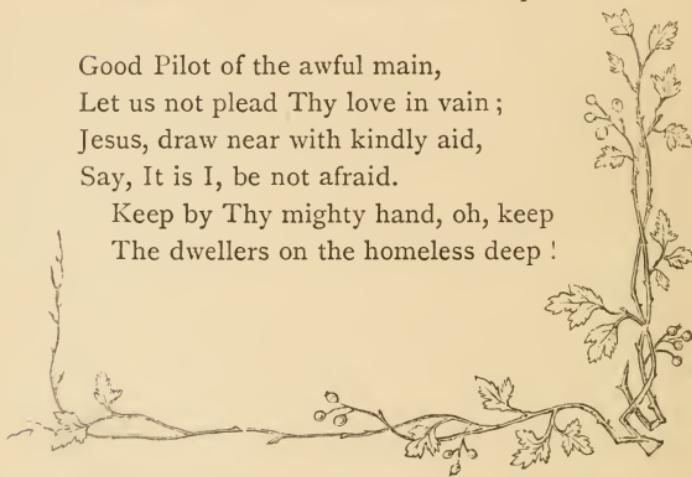
Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

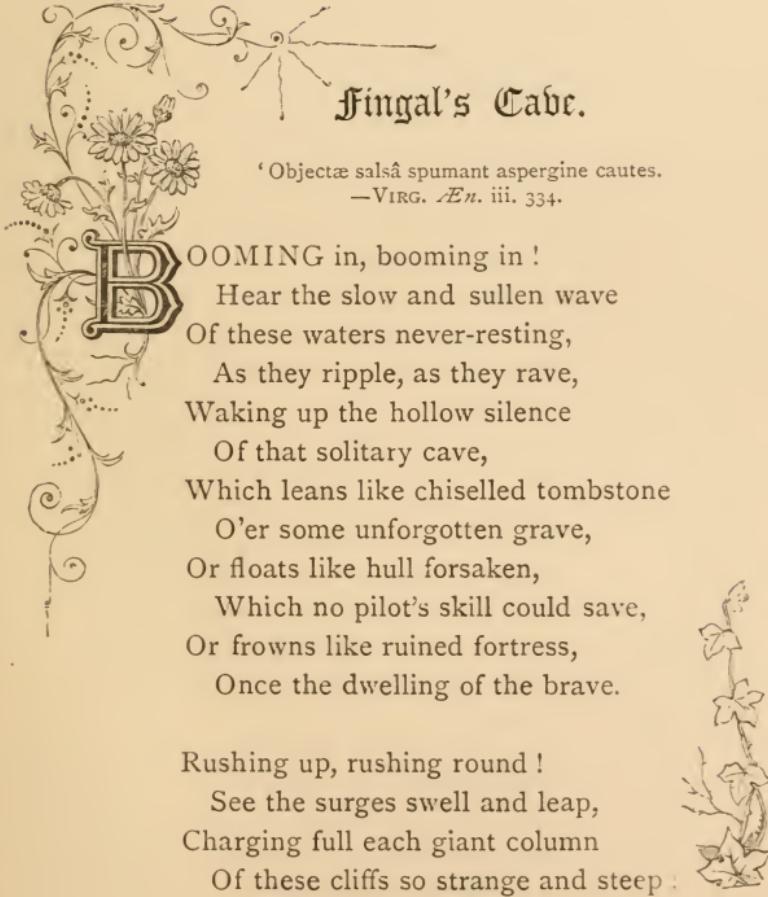
Defend from the quick lightning's stroke,
And from the iceberg's crushing shock ;
Take Thou the helm, and surely guide
The wanderer o'er the wayward tide.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !

Good Pilot of the awful main,
Let us not plead Thy love in vain ;
Jesus, draw near with kindly aid,
Say, It is I, be not afraid.

Keep by Thy mighty hand, oh, keep
The dwellers on the homeless deep !





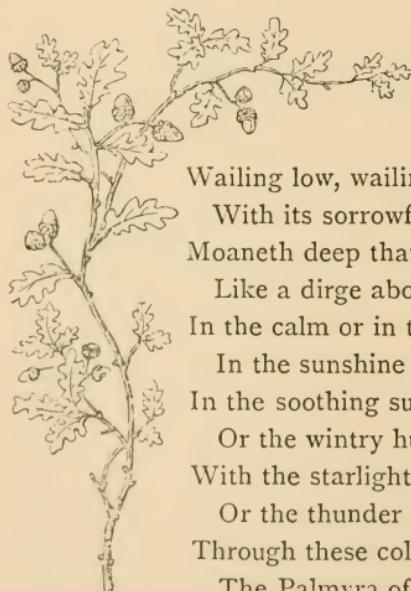
Fingal's Cave.

'Objectæ salsa spumant aspergine cautes.
—VIRG. *Aen.* iii. 334.

BOOMING in, booming in !
Hear the slow and sullen wave
Of these waters never-resting,
As they ripple, as they rave,
Waking up the hollow silence
Of that solitary cave,
Which leans like chiselled tombstone
O'er some unforgotten grave,
Or floats like hull forsaken,
Which no pilot's skill could save,
Or frowns like ruined fortress,
Once the dwelling of the brave.

Rushing up, rushing round !
See the surges swell and leap,
Charging full each giant column
Of these cliffs so strange and steep :

Falling back upon each other,
As with restless rush they sweep,
O'er each rock-shelf blindly flinging
Mingled foam and tangle-heap ;
Or into calm soft-sinking,
See the wavelets gently creep,—
Coming, going, rising, falling,
Half awake and half asleep,—
O'er that pavement so fantastic,
The mosaic of the deep.



Wailing low, wailing loud !
With its sorrowful refrain,
Moaneth deep that gale of shadows
Like a dirge above the slain ;
In the calm or in the tempest,
In the sunshine or the rain,
In the soothing summer zephyr,
Or the wintry hurricane,
With the starlight in its bosom,
Or the thunder in its train,
Through these columns of the desert,
The Palmyra of the main.

Sounding on, sounding still !
In the night and in the day,
In the morn's fair flush of splendour,
In the evening calm and grey,
Beneath the sun's noon glory,
Or the moon's serener ray,
When all other sounds are silent,
And man is far away :
None to hear the mighty music,
But the sea-fowl on the spray,
Or the ear above that listens
To His own creation's lay.





The Fog-Horn.

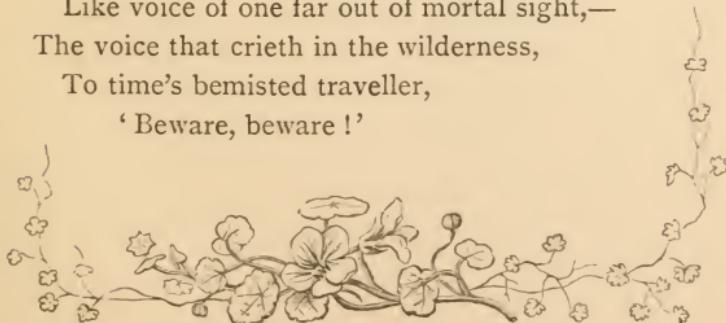
ST. ABB'S HEAD.

NOON! yet no sunshine! Somewhere outside the sun
Is wandering. Everywhere
The wan mist gathers, and its heavy breath
Thickens the summer air.
Vainly the pilot holds the obedient helm,
Or quits it in despair.
Then bursts the fog-horn's penetrating note,
‘Beware, beware!’

The moon is up, full moon, yet not a gleam
On headland, tower, or tree ;
No pearl-edged cloud alights upon the peak,
No silver on the sea.
Out sounds the fog-horn thro' the thickening shade,
Thrice welcome messenger,
As with weird spectre-voice it wildly shouts,
‘Beware, beware !’

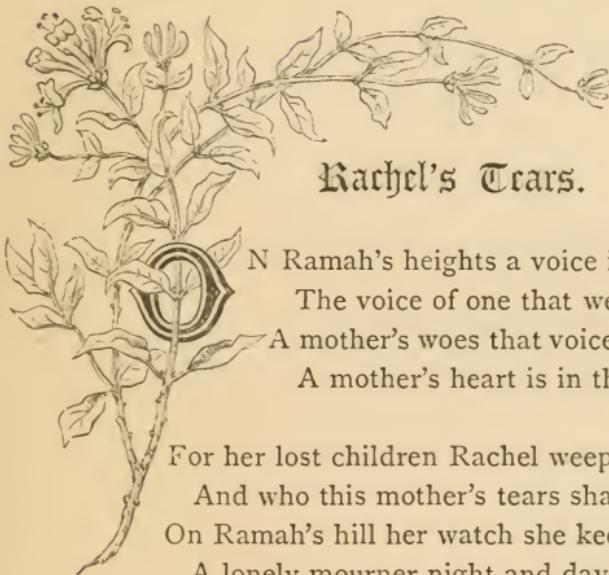
'Tis night, deep night ! With careful hands they light
The beacon's welcome blaze.
In vain, in vain ; it cannot penetrate
The impenetrable haze,
Or help to guide the helpless mariner
Thro' the bewildering maze.
Oh, worse than darkness, sea-mist swallowing up
All light's divinest rays !
Then rushes out the fog-horn's frantic note,
' Beware, beware !'

Oh, mist more terrible than winter-storm,
More perilous than darkness of the night,
Palsying the pilot's skill, and making vain
The trusted potency of light !
Art thou now settling down upon our world,
Mocking the age which man has named the bright ?
One hope remains, tho' sad, the fog-horn's note,
Like voice of one far out of mortal sight,—
The voice that crieth in the wilderness,
To time's bemisted traveller,
' Beware, beware !'



The mist has gathered round us on all sides,
Stifling the burdened air,
Dissolving sun, and sea, and cliff
In one unmeaning glare,
From the vast varied vision of the deep
Effacing all things fair.
Shadows and chaos seem returned to earth,
But let not faith despair;
Above, beyond this mist, unquenchable,
The light is everywhere !





Rachel's Tears.

N Ramah's heights a voice is heard,
The voice of one that weeps alone ;
A mother's woes that voice has stirred,
A mother's heart is in that moan.

For her lost children Rachel weeps,
And who this mother's tears shall stay ?
On Ramah's hill her watch she keeps,
A lonely mourner night and day.

In Ramah Rachel weepeth still,
Refusing to be comforted ;
Her sons the prey of every ill,
Lost, slain, or into exile led.

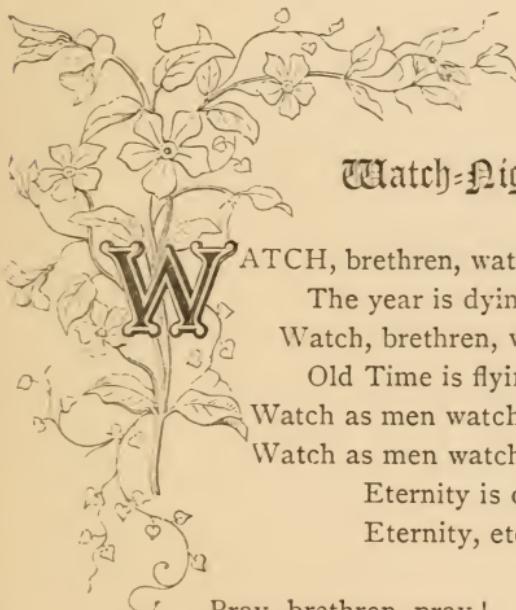
In every clime her children roam,
In every realm their ashes lie ;
Without a city or a home,
They weep, they wander, and they die.

Thus saith the Lord, ' Refrain thy voice
From weeping, and thine eyes from tears ;
Thy mother's heart shall yet rejoice,
And sing through everlasting years.

' Thy wandering sons shall yet return,
Thy lost ones shall be found again ;
O tender mother, cease to mourn ;
Rachel, thine eyes from tears refrain.

' Once more thou yet shalt clasp thine own,
With them thou shalt rejoice and sing ;
Thy grief a winter past and gone,
Thy joy an everlasting spring.'





Watch-Night.

WATCH, brethren, watch !

The year is dying ;

Watch, brethren, watch !

Old Time is flying.

Watch as men watch the parting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death.

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !

Pray, brethren, pray !

The sands are falling ;

Pray, brethren, pray !

God's voice is calling.

Yon turret strikes the dying chime,
We kneel upon the edge of Time.

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !



Praise, brethren, praise !

The skies are rending ;

Praise, brethren, praise !

The fight is ending.

Behold, the glory draweth near,

The King Himself will soon be here

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !

Look, brethren, look !

The day is breaking ;

Hark, brethren, hark !

The dead are waking.

With girded loins we ready stand

Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand !

Eternity is drawing nigh,

Eternity, eternity !



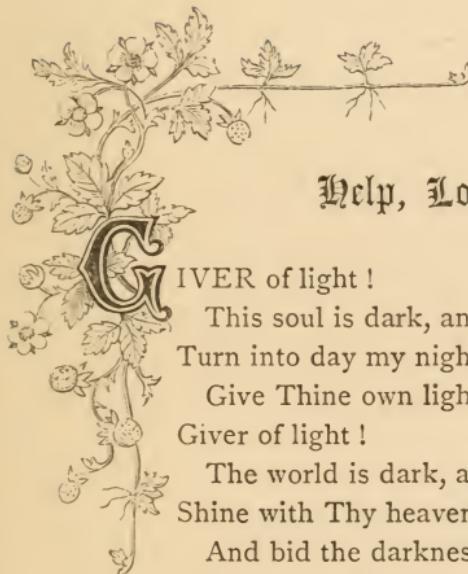


Fatherland.

WEETEST light, so sweetly shining
Through these loving skies of ours ;
Sweetest rain, so sweetly falling
On our April buds and flowers ;
Sweetest fragrance, sweetly breathing
Through our July's joyous bowers.
Fatherland ! where freedom dwelleth,
Truth, and peace, and plenty reign ;
Where bright summer blithely beameth
Over meadow, moor, and plain ;
Where rich autumn fondly ripens
Its gay fields of swelling grain.
Praise for this old rock of ours,
Streams, and vales, and mountain-towers,
Of its billow-beaten strand,
Praise for such a fatherland !

Where the blessed book of healing
Scattereth its fruit of gold ;
Where of love the eternal story
Daily in its homes is told ;—
Land where the old cross is shining
With a glory all its own ;
Where the old deep well is pouring
Living water from the throne,
From which, to a world of darkness,
Goeth forth a light unknown.
Praise for this old rock of ours,
Streams, and vales, and mountain-towers,
Of its billow-beaten strand,
Praise for such a fatherland !





Help, Lord !

IVER of light !

This soul is dark, and needeth Thee ;

Turn into day my night,

Give Thine own light to me.

Giver of light !

The world is dark, and needeth Thee ;

Shine with Thy heavenly might,

And bid the darkness flee.

Error is here !

And truth can find no resting-place ;

Man walks, half hope, half fear,

With weary, troubled pace ;

And day by day,

With heavy heart and anxious eye,

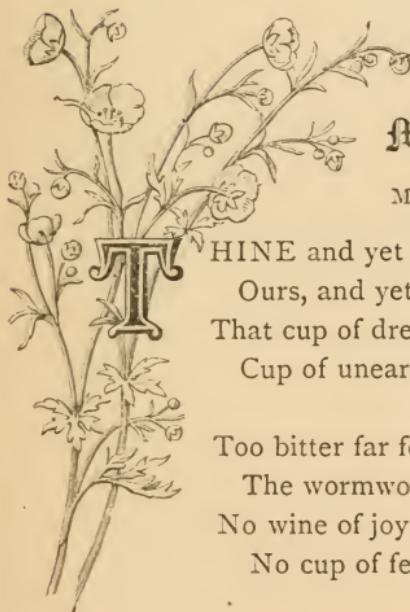
He asketh, What is truth ?

But findeth no reply.



Evil o'erflows !
Stern evil, which no chains can bind,
Nor spell can disenchant ;
Restless and unconfined,
Still year by year
Sin broadeneth its turbid flood.
Come, speak the words of power,
O Thou, earth's only good !





My Cup.

MATT. XX. 23.

HINE and yet ours, O Lord !
Ours, and yet also Thine,
That cup of dread and wrath,
Cup of unearthly wine.

Too bitter far for us,
The wormwood and the gall ;
No wine of joy is there,
No cup of festival.

We dare not touch one drop
In that sad, solemn cup,
Which Thou for us didst take,
In love to drink it up.

Oh, teach us, teach us, Lord,
What that deep bitterness
Contained in it for us
Of sweetness and of peace !

To Thee the cup of wrath,
To us the cup of love,
Emptied of all but joy
And healing from above !



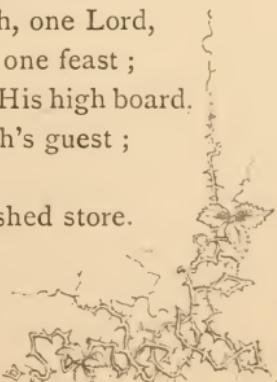


The One Loaf.

'The continual bread shall be thereon' (NUM. iv. 7). 'I build an house for the continual shew-bread' (2 CHRON. ii. 4). 'We are all partakers of that one bread' (1 COR. x. 17, 'one loaf').

I.

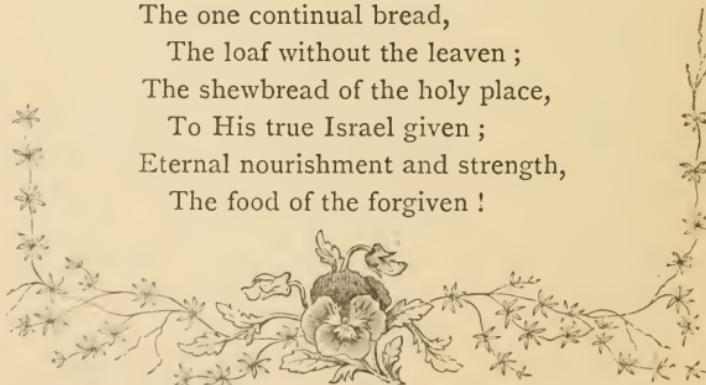
NE temple, and one table, and one loaf
For the great company of the forgiven,
The numbers without number; yet
enough
For all in earth or heaven.
One name, one church, one Lord,
One hall, one robe, one feast;
His Church a guest at His high board.
And He His Church's guest;
His fulness evermore
An endless, undiminished store.





II.

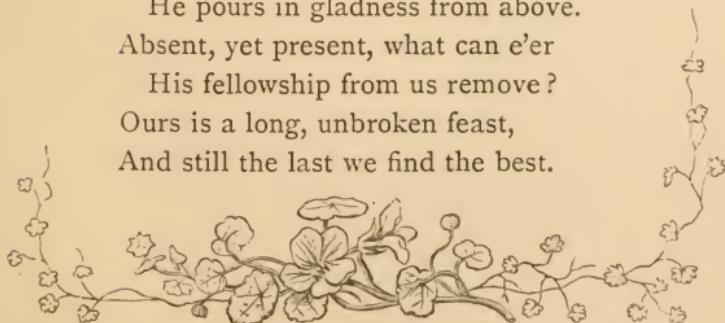
To an unearthly feast
The Master calls His own ;
At an unearthly board
His bidden ones sit down.
The true unleavened bread
, Is on His table laid ;
Daily to them is given
To drink the wine of heaven.
'I am the bread of God,
Which cometh down from heaven ;'
The one continual bread,
The loaf without the leaven ;
The shewbread of the holy place,
To His true Israel given ;
Eternal nourishment and strength,
The food of the forgiven !

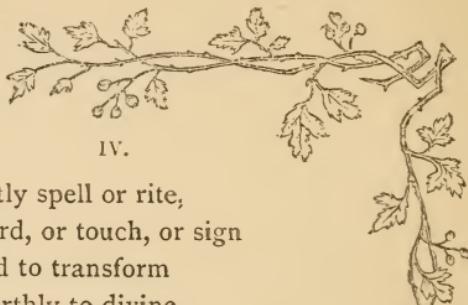




III.

Not on the solemn days alone,
When round the holy board
We gather in the name
Of an ascended Lord,
Does this continual loaf
Its vital power afford :
Each day, each hour, this bread imparts
Its life and comfort to our hearts.
We feast on Him in daily faith,
He feasts with us in daily love ;
Himself the bread, Himself the wine,
He pours in gladness from above.
Absent, yet present, what can e'er
His fellowship from us remove ?
Ours is a long, unbroken feast,
And still the last we find the best.





IV.

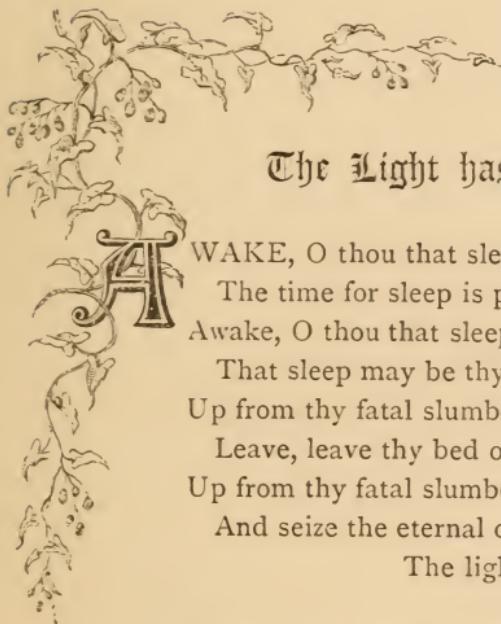
No priestly spell or rite,
No word, or touch, or sign
Is needed to transform
The earthly to divine.

'Lo, I am with you,' thus He speaks,
'Myself the bread and wine ;
Present to faith's far-reaching eye,
The faith that makes the distant nigh.'



V.

And all are gathered round !
The far off and the near,
The men of every age and clime
In fellowship feast here.
One family, one board,
One loaf, one feast, one Lord !



The Light has come.

WAKE, O thou that sleepest,
 The time for sleep is past ;
 Awake, O thou that sleepest,
 That sleep may be thy last.
 Up from thy fatal slumber,
 Leave, leave thy bed of down ;
 Up from thy fatal slumber,
 And seize the eternal crown.

The light has come !

Hark, hark ! the voice that calleth
 So sweetly from above ;
 Hark, hark ! the voice that speaketh
 To thee in tender love.
 The day, the day is dawning,
 The everlasting day ;
 The morn, the morn is breaking,
 Arise, and come away.

The light has come !





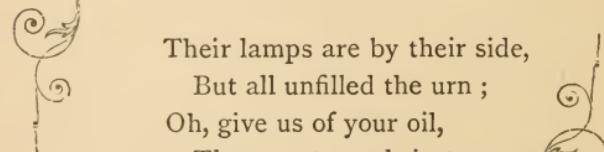
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.

'They took no oil with them.'—MATT. XXV. 3.



EHOLD, the Bridegroom comes !

The midnight cry is heard :
Arise, and join the train,
Go forth to meet your Lord ;
They wake, He is at hand,
But they are unprepared.



Their lamps are by their side,
But all unfilled the urn ;
Oh, give us of your oil,
They cry to each in turn ;
The flame is dying down,
Our lamps refuse to burn.



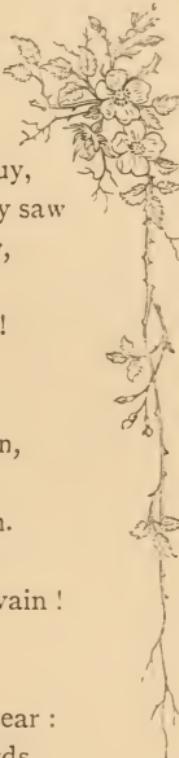
It cannot, cannot be !
Enough but for our own ;
We cannot help you now,
For each must stand alone ;

The past is now the past,
And may not be undone.

Go ye to them that sell !
But, while they went to buy,
The Bridegroom came ; they saw
The bridal train sweep by,
They saw the wise go in :
In vain, in vain their cry !

The door, alas ! is shut,
They hear the festal strain,
They see the virgin-throng,
To join it they would fain.
The wise have all gone in :
They knock, but now in vain !

‘I know you not’ is all
The welcome that they hear :
‘I know you not ;’ oh ! words
Of trembling and of fear.
Ye cannot join these songs,
Nor in these halls appear !





Dead Egypt.

'Blessed be Egypt my people.'—ISA. xix. 25.

HE thy pyramids still smiling
To the everlasting sun,
Mighty Mizraim of the sand-waste,
As they smiled in ages gone?

Is thy Sphinx still grandly gazing
With those melancholy eyes,
Drinking in delicious moonlight
From those silver-showering skies?

Does thy grey Mukattam cliff-range
Yet protect thy level shore?
Is that highway to the desert
Still as lonely as of yore?

Is the bronze on thy brown ripples
Still as brilliant as when she,
Stately queen of spells and splendour,
Glided o'er her river-sea ?

Does that river-sea so royal,
With its soft, slow-swellng tide,
Still do battle single-handed
With the wastes on either side ?

Are thy Pharaohs resting yonder,
Filling each his fragrant shroud,
With their own calm stars above them,
As of old, without a cloud ?

Do they still claim awful homage,
Oldest peerage of the dead,
In their chiselled shrines unconscious
Of the ages that have sped ?

Does the breath of ancient odours
Sweeten still their cheerless room ?
Do the robes of princely Pathros
Still adorn them in the tomb ?

Is thy Memphis still the Memphis
Of young Mizraim when he came
From his cradle-plain of Shinar,
Here to build a boundless name ?



Mystic realm of magic story,
Never-changing clime and stream,
Shadowy fatherland of science,
Home of fable and of dream !

From thy temples marched the ages
Of our earth's unwritten prime ;
These majestic Nubian portals
Are the mouldering gates of Time.

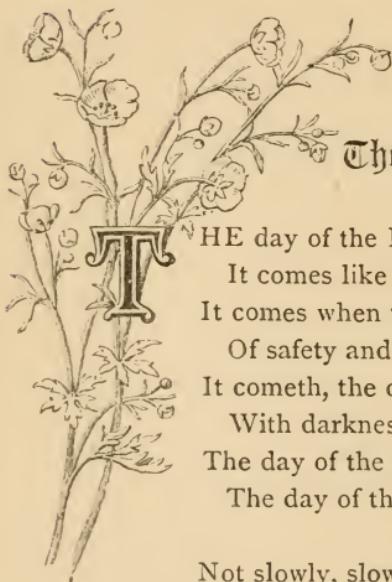
Buried dark beneath the ruins
Of dead kingdoms thou hast lain ;
But thy day of honour dawneth,
Thou shalt rise to youth again.

In His hour of infant exile,
Once the Son of God in thee
Found a refuge from the tyrant,
Underneath thy sheltering tree.

And for this thou art remembered ;
This great debt shall be repaid.
In earth's age of promised glory,
Israel's God shall lift thy head.

The voice of seers hath spoken
Words of glorious light and rest ;
It has blest thee, lonely Egypt,
And thou shalt—thou shalt be blest.





The Day of the Lord.

THE day of the Lord, it cometh !
It comes like a thief in the night,
It comes when the world is dreaming
 Of safety and peace and light.
It cometh, the day of sackcloth,
 With darkness and storm and fire,
The day of the great avenging,
 The day of the burning ire.

Not slowly, slowly, like twilight,
 Nor like the cold creeping tide,
Nor barque from the distant offing,
 Moving on o'er the waters wide ;
But instant, like sudden lightning
 In the depths of a tranquil sky,
From the west to the east in a moment,
 The havoc descends from on high !

The day of the Lord, it cometh,
When the virgins are all asleep
And the drunken world is lying
In a slumber yet more deep.
Like the sudden lurch of the vessel
By night on the sunken rock,
All earth in a moment reebleth
And goeth down with the shock.

The voice of the awful trumpet
Arresteth the march of Time ;
With terror and woe and judgment
It soundeth through every clime.
It speaketh aloud to the living,
It speaks to the slumbering dead ;
Earth heareth the final summons,
And boweth the trembling head.

The flash of the sword of havoc
Foretelleth the day of blood,
Revealing the Judge's progress,
The downward march of God.
The fire which no mortal kindles,
Quick seizes the quaking earth,
And labours the groaning creation
In the pangs of its second birth.



Then the day of the evil endeth,
And the righteous reign comes in ;
Like a cloud of sorrow evanish
The ages of human sin.
The light of the morning gleameth,
A dawn without cloud or gloom ;
In chains lies the ruler of darkness,
And the Prince of Light has come !





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